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THE POEMS

OF

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD

[SELECTED]

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

MRS. GARDEN

LONDON:

AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

1887.





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INTRODUCTION.



For no country, perhaps, save of Scotland, can it be related that during the latter half of the same century it produced two great poets, both of them sprung from the working class. Yet she is but a little island of the sea!

These poets were—Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman, and James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. They were both peasants, alike by ancestry, by birth, and by nurture—both sons of the soil, and both sons of genius. There, probably, the resemblance ceases; for while Burns was the poet of human feelings, of men and women, their frailties and their virtues, their tender loves and their bitter hates, Hogg was emphatically the poet of Nature and of the supernatural. He was one who saw “sermons in stones, books in the running brooks;” and he loved Nature with a poet’s heart.

Professor Wilson has said that "Hogg was the only worthy successor of Burns ;" and Professor Veitch, himself a poet and a Borderer, that "after Burns, Hogg was the greatest poet that has sprung from the bosom of the common people."

Burns was born in 1759, and was dead before James Hogg ever heard of his name. In the summer of 1796, while he was tending his flocks on the Blackhouse heights, Hogg was joined by a half-dافت man named Jock Scott. This worthy employed the sunny hours of the long summer day in repeating to the shepherd the wonderful poem of "Tam o' Shanter." Hogg was amazed, and made Jock repeat it over and over again, till he too learned it by heart. "It was made by a wonderful poet called Robert Burns ; but he's dead, and there will never be another like him." Thus said daft Jock Scott, and left the shepherd on the hill to think over what he had heard. The result was that he resolved to be a successor of Burns. He had been entranced with the poem just repeated to him. Why, then, could not he tread in the footsteps of this wonderful Ayrshire peasant?

Hogg sprang from a shepherd ancestry, and was reared in a shepherd home. The pastoral life is one well calculated to nurture any hidden germs of poetic fancy which may be inherent in the soul. The shepherd is not, properly speaking, a labouring man, whose shoulders are bent over the spade or mattock. No ! He spends his days almost alone in communion with Nature. His is a life in which the higher aspirations implanted by the

Divine power may find time and scope for development. In studying Nature and her ways, the skies, the effects of the shadows on the mountain side, and the clouds on the hill tops, the sprays of purple heather and the wild mountain daisy at his feet, the gurgling streamlet and the bleak moorland tarn—surely the man born a poet would learn to “look from Nature up to Nature’s God.”

A hundred years ago the Scottish peasantry were a religious people. The old Covenanting struggle was still fresh in their memories, and they revered their brave, godly old forefathers who had borne persecution for the cause of religion. An immense amount of romance clung about the history of these times. Partly from that, and partly from the natural temperament of the mountaineer, it happened that the Scottish peasantry were also a poetical people. Indeed, where religion, or faith, is a prominent feature in the character of a nation, the people generally are, in consequence of their religion, also poetical—ballad-loving. How rich Scotland is in ballad literature ! and a hundred years or two ago that was almost the only literature known to the peasantry there.

One, however, would almost require to be acquainted with the bleak but beautiful, wild but romantic, scenery amid which the embryo poet passed his youth, to be able to realise the sort of influence which such scenery must have exercised on a nature such as his. His own description of the Bard of Ettrick, given in the introduction to the tenth bard’s song, affords some idea of

the influence which the scenes which constantly met his eye in his native valley had produced in him :—

“ The bard on Ettrick’s mountain green,
In Nature’s bosom nursed had been,
And oft had marked, in forest lone,
Her beauties on her mountain throne ;
Had seen her deck the wildwood tree,
And star with snowy gems the lea ;
In loveliest colours paint the plain,
And sow the moor with purple grain ;
By golden mead, and mountain sheer,
Had viewed the Ettrick waving clear,
Where shadowy flocks of purest snow
Seemed grazing in a world below.”

But we must speak of the facts of the poet’s life—a life which was in the main uneventful. He himself alleges that he was of Scandinavian descent. Professor Veitch, referring to Worsoe’s description of the Danes in England, says :—“ Should Mr. Worsoe return to Britain, and take a few days’ excursion among the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow, I promise to find him as perfect a type of the fair, or Norwegian blood, as any he will meet with in the North of England. . . . In the beginning of last century there might have been seen any day on the Braes of Yarrow a shepherd lad, with features, hair, and frame of body as perfect as could well be found. In him, too, were thrilling ideals and imaginings such as might have moved in the heart of any Skald ; and he bore a name which might very fairly be regarded as indicating the Norwegian blood, for the Ettrick Shepherd was not

named from the hog of the hill-side, but from the haug or haig of the old northern tongues."

Hogg first saw the light in the farm-house of Ettrick Hall. The name implies a more imposing structure than the facts justify. Ettrick Hall was but a clay bigging, with a roof of thatch composed of heather drawn from the hill-side. It probably consisted of a "but and a ben," with a cow-byre and other outhouses attached. This edifice is long since demolished, and is replaced by a substantial stone house ; nothing now remaining of the old one but the hearthstone, around which the future poet and his brothers played, while the good-wife toasted her oatén cakes, more than a hundred years ago.

At the time of Hogg's birth, his father rented a small farm ; but very soon, owing to bad times or other inadvertences, was compelled to abandon farming, and return once more to his original occupation of a shepherd. The parents of James Hogg, if not in actual poverty, were in a humble condition of life. But they were nevertheless of old descent, each having a pedigree going back for centuries. The poet, in after years, was proud of his weird old ancestors ; and well he might, for a notable witch was his great-grandmother by one parent, while his grandfather on the other side had held credible and communicable intercourse with the fairy folk.

Whether or not we believe in those half supernatural narratives, true it is that the traditions of them must have played no inconsiderable part in forming the character of the future poet.

As far as is known, the birth of James Hogg occurred in the autumn of 1770, the exact date being unknown. When of a fit age, his parents sent him to the parish school, which almost adjoined their dwelling. It was only for a few months in winter that he could be spared, for in summer the child of six years was hired to herd cows on a neighbouring farm. The following winter we find him again at school; and that completes his education. From that time his life was to be one of hard work—even to the end.

His school education, as we have seen, was imperfect to the last degree, but there were other teachers at work to complete it. In the first place, his mother, peasant-woman though she was, we find to have been singularly shrewd and intelligent for her class. Her memory was a storehouse of the ancient ballad literature of the Border. Walter Scott visited her in her little mountain home, in order to take down from her recitation some of the almost extinct ballads afterwards published by him. She soothed her little children to rest with them; and kept them quiet during the day with stories of witches, fairies, and spirits. Then she taught her four boys (of whom James was the second eldest) the psalms of David, in the somewhat crank, but often grand and majestic, old Scottish metrical version. Margaret Laidlaw (her father it was who had spoken with the fairies) was no ordinary woman; and if genius comes by inheritance, there can be little doubt that Hogg inherited his from his mother. So long as he

remained in his father's house his poet training was going on unconsciously to both mother and child. The lore she taught him ; these legends of the forest—how maidens were spirited away, visiting fairyland, and returning again to home-life for a while—or how people whom she had known had received visits from denizens of other worlds than this—with stories of apparitions of all kinds as familiar occurrences—were the lessons that he learned at his mother's knee. The outcome of all, by and by, was “The Queen's Wake,” “The Pilgrims of the Sun,” and “The Shepherd's Callander.”

The boy went from one service to another, continuing to ascend by slow steps the social ladder. He was forty-three when he published “The Queen's Wake ;” but he had not been silent till then. No. He had made songs and pastorals, which he had sung to the servants who were at that time his associates. They were his only critics, and his muse pleased them well. They were rude critics, it is true, but his muse was also rude ; but as the event proved, their critical skill had not been at fault.

Hogg tells us he composed with ease, but the writing out of his compositions was not easy work. He had forgotten the little he had been taught of the science of writing. He could not form the letters, and had to teach himself to write by copying such bits of manuscript letters as he could find. He practised writing on the large slate stones he found on the hill-side, making letters an inch long

in his eagerness to acquire the art which to him meant the way to success. He tells us that at five-and-twenty he wept because he could not commit his poems to writing. These were some of the difficulties Hogg had to overcome, and he overcame these difficulties, because afterwards we find that he wrote a clear and gentlemanlike hand, while errors in spelling or in grammar are scarcely met with in his manuscripts.

At the age of sixteen it fell to his lot to be engaged as shepherd at Willanslea. Here he met with a kind master in Mr. Laidlaw, whose wife evinced much interest in the young shepherd. Detecting something off the common in the lad, she put into his hands books and newspapers, all of which he read with avidity. Hogg also at this period availed himself of a small subscription library which had been started in the little market town of Peebles. After two years spent at Willanslea, he went to serve as shepherd at Blackhouse in Yarrow. And this was the turning point in his life. His new employers being distant—we may say, only Scotch—cousins of his, were generous and intelligent people. Recognising the latent talent in their young kinsman, they afforded him every help in their power in improving himself. Hogg remained ten years at Blackhouse, and always regarded the years passed in the service of Mr. Laidlaw as the happiest of his life. It was here, we think, that he began to live; here that the quickening of the hidden germs began; and here it made him happy to find that after all he was not

the mere clod which so much in his estate warranted him in thinking. Here it was that the great aspiration first filled his bosom of becoming the successor of Burns. He never filled that vacant place, but made for himself a name nearly as honourable.

Meantime we shall be excused for again quoting Professor Veitch, who has drawn so vivid a picture of James Hogg as he was at this period of his life.

“I like to picture Hogg at this period as he herded on the Hawk Shaw Rig, up the Douglas Burn—a dark, heathy slope of the Blackhouse heights, which divide the Blackhope Burn from the other main feeders of the Douglas. There, on a summer day during these ten years, you would find on the hill a ruddy-faced youth of middle height, of finely symmetrical and agile form, with beaming light blue eyes, and a profusion of light brown hair, that fell over his shoulders—long, fairy, and lissom as a woman’s.” “The time is between the middle of July and the middle of September, when his duty is to supper the lambs. These had simply to be moved from place to place, and this was done by Hector, or his successor, the shepherd’s collie and friend. Now was the opportunity of the shepherd student. With the lambs quietly pasturing, he sets to work, produces a sheet or two of paper folded and stitched, has an inkhorn stuck in a button-hole of his waistcoat, with a cork and a bit of twine and a stump of a pen, and there he thinks out his verses—writes them, in fact, all through on the tablet of memory—and there commits the production, which he has already finished and polished in his

mind, to paper. What kind of poetic impulse was likely to come out of this?"

The fact of his having continued ten years in the service of the same employer is silent testimony that this "impassioned youth," with his ink-horn and his bit of folded paper, sitting on the hill-side writing his verses, or lying among the heather dreaming his dreams, did not meanwhile neglect his work as a shepherd.

In 1800 he goes to Edinburgh on some business for his master, probably with a flock of sheep to the market, a distance, it may be, of thirty miles. When there he sings one of his own songs in the hearing of his acquaintances. They admire the song, and recommend him to offer it to a music-seller who would print it. This the shepherd did. The song was published (the words being set to a well-known Scottish air), and attained immense success. At that time Buonaparte was said to be projecting an invasion of Great Britain, and "Donald McDonald" was written to bid defiance to the ambitious Corsican. This was the song which attained such success, and was sung in all companies. The writer of it, meantime, had returned to the Blackhouse heights, and remained unknown. No one apparently had asked who had composed the spirit-stirring ditty which spoke so contemptuously of the "Corsican callant."

At the same time the success of "Donald McDonald" induced the author to think that he "was a great poet," and on this assumption he rushed again into print, publishing a collection of

songs and ballads which, in a pecuniary point of view, were valueless, and gave but little promise of the distinction awaiting the shepherd.

Not long after this he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, and by his advice, at a later date, *The Mountain Bard* was published. The work in question was a collection of original ballads, and contained some of his best pieces. It brought him into notice, and it put money in his purse. For *The Mountain Bard*, and another work most dissimilar, being a treatise on sheep, Hogg got three hundred pounds—a large sum indeed to one in his circumstances. But it was not inexhaustible, as the poet soon discovered ; for, having invested his earnings in a farm, he lost his three hundred pounds, coming out of the speculation poorer than ever.

With the light heart and manly courage which at all times characterised him, he took his staff in his hand, threw his plaid over his shoulders, and made his way to Edinburgh in search of literary employment. Alas ! the time for this had not yet come : so he tried other things, and seems to have found means of living. Reared in the forests, we may be sure his wants were not exorbitant, and, being frugal in his habits, a little wealth went a long way.

Apropos of The Mountain Bard, the following anecdote is told by Hogg. On one occasion, being with Sir Walter Scott on the banks of the Tweed, he asked the shepherd to recite his ballad of "Gilmanscleuch," which he had repeated in the

hearing of Sir Walter three years before. Hogg, of course, readily complied with the request, but came to a dead stand about the ninth verse. Sir Walter set the author right, and himself repeated the whole poem, consisting of eighty stanzas, without a mistake. At that time "Gilmanscleuch" had never been either written or printed ; but had made a deep impression on Sir Walter, relating, as it did, to some of the doughty deeds of his ancestors, the Scotts of Harden.

To resume : the shepherd, while residing in Edinburgh, began a monthly periodical called *The Spy*, which brought him into contact with many of the *literati* of the Scottish metropolis, at that time approaching the zenith of its literary glory. *The Spy* lived only one year, but was by no means a despicable production. Besides Hogg's own contributions, there were in its pages articles from many of the best authors, and it was probably from lack of capital that the enterprising editor felt himself obliged to abandon the undertaking. He was again cast adrift ; but he had made many friends, some of whom believed truly in him and in his gifts. "After what he has done," said one of them, "what may he not do?" Taking him by the hand, and forcing him, in a manner, to be dependent on them for a time, a few of those friends insisted on him applying himself to literature alone, and doing something worthy of his genius—something which would bring honour to their native Ettrick.

The results proved that they were wise

counsellors, for in a few months, his mind being freed from the harassing cares of "how to live," Hogg produced "The Queen's Wake."

This work at once and for ever made the author famous. It took the reading world by storm. Who was then this man who was capable of creating those aerial beings? Surely here was a true poet! Yes. Here was a poet, a poor man who had been trying to make a living by measuring land, and by herding sheep. He had been in their midst, and they knew it not.

"The Queen's Wake" purports to be a collection of original poems recited by the minstrels of Scotland at Holyrood, before Mary Queen of Scots at Christmas, after her landing in her native land. The story is, that Mary having been struck by the song of an aged minstrel who played to her as she rode with her courtiers from the pier of Leith to Holyrood, and by the reports she heard of the great mass of legendary lore abounding in her native land, announces a poetical *fête* or competition to be held at Christmastide—the prize to be Queen Mary's harp.

The minstrels accordingly flock to the royal palace, and "The Queen's Wake" consists of the poems supposed to have been sung before the lovely queen.

The plan of the work admits of variety, and Hogg evinces in no mean degree his varied powers of song. His descriptions of scenery are often beautiful, but he soars highest and sings sweetest

when he enters the land of spirits. "Kilmeny" is an exquisite ballad, and the author seems at home, and to reach even the sublime in his delineations of Kilmeny's sojourn in the land of perfect purity, to which she had been transported for a time by one of the immortals. One writer says of Kilmeny—"In the whole range of legendary verse we are not aware of anything so perfectly exquisite as "Bonnie Kilmeny." Of the "Wake" the same author says—"That a work of such perfect execution should have been written by a shepherd who received no advantages from education is a literary wonder, and might well astonish the world."

John Wilson, better known as Christopher North, says of the Ettrick Shepherd—"The still, green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairyland—till, as he sat musing in his lonely sheiling, the world of phantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of nature. . . . Whenever he treats of fairyland his language insensibly becomes soft, wild, and aerial."

In this way it befell that the shepherd became not only a poet of nature, but of a realm far beyond it. The world of fairydom and of spirits seems as real to him as does the realm of men and women to us. When we read his "Kilmeny" and his "Pilgrims of the Sun," we seem for the time to realise, and altogether credit, how these lovely and guileless maidens should pass, for a time, from

their earthly homes into the land of spirits—and should converse familiarly with the inhabitants there; and we marvel and experience a sort of sorrow that they should return to every-day life and “the world of sin again.” “Kilmeny” is the most beautiful poem which Hogg wrote, and is a conception of singular purity and exquisite finish.

Wilson, in one of the *Noctes*, alleges that the shepherd, lying on the mountain side, dreams the dream of Kilmeny, and carries her ever after in his heart. It was Kilmeny that, as we have said, brought fame to its author, but most of the “Wake,” and many others of his poems, are worthy of being placed alongside of it. We believe that, although he had never written another line, the man who wrote “Kilmeny” was entitled to a foremost rank among the “inspired ones.”

“The Witch of Fife,” another of the poems in the “Queen’s Wake,” is a gem from the realms of witchcraft, and shows in a wonderful manner Hogg’s vein of thought and imagination. It is a strange, grotesque description of lawless doings with the evil one. Full of nice humour and caustic wit, blended with finely painted descriptions of scenes of nature through which the witches passed in their flight, it is justly regarded as “unsurpassed in the picturesque of superstition.”

The seventeenth bard’s song—“The Abbot McKinnon,” is a wild, weird tale. It is founded on a legend of the ancient times when Iona was a great monastic establishment, and relates how the abbot of I, or Icolmkill, brought to the island

monastery a young monk of rare beauty and grace, who "abode with the abbot by day and by night," till the older monks looked grave and the younger ones smiled mysteriously to each other.

After a while, the abbot has a vision, and is desired, along with certain of his monks, to repair to the neighbouring island of Staffa. Here he accordingly repairs, impelled to do so, not by inclination, but by the mysterious agency of the god of the sea. Strange visitants from the deep meet the abbot and his companions at Staffa. The end being that the boat with all on board is engulfed by the waves—an offering to the "god of the sea"—as well as a punishment for the abbot's sad breach of his monastic vows. The beautiful young monk at I being "Matilda of Skye."

The poem, however, to which Hogg awards the imaginary prize is none of these we have named. It fell to the ninth bard—the piece being "Young Kennedy."

Poets are not at all times the best judges of their own compositions, and the author of "Kilmeny" has shown himself sadly at fault in placing any other poem first. "Young Kennedy" is not equal to the other pieces in the "Queen's Wake," and, although many passages are powerfully written, and the story is vividly told, it is far behind "Kilmeny" and the "Witch of Fife." As mothers are sometimes said to regard their weak and deformed children with greater affection than those more robust, so the shepherd seems to have chosen the weakest composition in the work for the place of

honour. "Mary Scott," a beautiful love story, is passed by, and the unpleasant tale of "Young Kennedy" is magnified by the author.

As soon as "The Queen's Wake" made its appearance, and met with the approval of the critics, Hogg became a marked man in the literary world. The work went through many editions. Close upon the heels of the "Queen's Wake" followed "Mador of the Moor" and the "Pilgrims of the Sun." The latter work has often been considered the shepherd's highest attainment, and contains magnificent descriptive passages, notably that which depicts the origin of a comet, but it is not uniform, and certainly never attained to a tithe of the popularity attending the "Queen's Wake."

In 1817 Hogg published "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," a prose tale. From that time, "alleging," as he himself says, "that the public had had enough of poetry," he continued to write prose tales and sketches, many of them graphic and interesting.

In 1817 also, *Blackwood's Magazine* was started. Of this now celebrated magazine James Hogg was one of the originators, and he continued to contribute to its columns—with a few intervals of estrangement—till his death. The celebrated "Chaldee Manuscript" made its appearance in one of the first numbers of *Blackwood*. It was conceived and for the most part written by Hogg, and calling forth, as it did, storms from various literary quarters, it had the result of binding Hogg very closely up with the staff of *Blackwood*.

As all the world knows, Christopher North was editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and author, or joint author, of the renowned *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which tended much to make the first celebrity of the Magazine. These papers, without alluding to which it were impossible to write truly of James Hogg, were a series of articles appearing monthly in *Blackwood*, and which were carried over a number of years. They were mostly critical, but were conducted in dialogue form. Men and manners, but especially books, were discussed in fearless terms. The "Ettrick Shepherd," was the life and soul of the *Noctes*. Into his mouth Christopher North put many of his finest criticisms; into his mouth, also, were put the grossest absurdities and the vulgarest of buffooneries. But in the *Noctes* the "Ettrick Shepherd" was entirely, or almost entirely, a fictitious character, having its origin in Christopher North's imagination. Posterity, unfortunately, is best acquainted with the shepherd through the medium of these remarkable papers, and his memory has suffered not a little from the erroneous impression conveyed by them. The readers of the present day must put aside the *Noctes* and judge the shepherd by his writing—by his "Queen's Wake" and "Mary Lee"—by his graphic and satirical ballads of "Little Pynkie," and "The Gude Grey Cat," and by his songs.

The outward life of Hogg was not eventful, but was throughout characterised by manly independence and endurance. The life of Robert Burns was a bed of roses compared with the struggles

and misfortunes which James Hogg had to endure. It was no doubt owing much to the simplicity, and what the Scotch call “aefauldness,” of his character, that he suffered as he did. Guileless in his own nature, he supposed that every one was as honest as himself, till he found, when too late, that he had been taken advantage of.

To the Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch, Hogg had dedicated “The Queen’s Wake,” and she had showed much interest in its author. Two years after the publication of “The Queen’s Wake,” this lady died, but on her death-bed she charged her sorrowing husband not to forget her “poor poet.” The Duke of Buccleuch did not fail to remember his Duchess’s dying request, and gave Hogg the little farm of Altrive Lake, in classic Yarrow, for life; but without rent or fee.

To this little homestead the poet went in 1815, affording there a shelter to his aged father, who lived at Altrive Lake till his death some years after. Hogg’s mother, to whom he owed so much of his skill in ballad lore, had passed away before her son had a home to offer her; but she had lived long enough to know that her son James had become famous, and was no longer only a shepherd but also a poet.

Soon after the appearance of “The Pilgrims of the Sun” about 1816, the shepherd produced a volume of poetry having rather a singular history. It was this. He himself says, “My next literary adventure was the most extraordinary of any. I

took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune." Acting on this idea, and judging other authors by his own generous nature, which was ever ready to give of his best to help a friend, he applied to Southey, Wordsworth, Wilson, Byron, and others. All of them entered cordially into his project, and promised contributions. Fortified by these assurances Hogg forthwith proceeded to announce the forthcoming work. The bards were as good as their word. They sent contributions, but not such as Hogg deemed worthy of either them or himself. On the contrary, the poems sent seemed only to be the gleanings from Balaam's box—and the shepherd felt himself in a fix. Wordsworth, probably in a fit of chagrin at his brother poet, recalled his poem. The other poems, as may well be imagined, Hogg read with sincere disappointment; but worst of all, Sir Walter Scott firmly declined to send anything at all, and Hogg had relied on his contribution for the success of his work. Lord Byron too—who had meant "Lara" for the work—drew back. Hogg was at his wits' end, and to remedy the defect he determined to write in imitation of his announced contributors. He sat down, and in three months the volume made its appearance as promised. But the poems were, with, we think, one exception, all from Hogg's own pen. It speaks not a little for his diligence, and for the versatility of his pen, that he was able to catch, in a great degree,

the style of his contemporaries. So well did he do this, that for a moment the public believed in the pretended character of the work. But the author was incapable of deception. In some cases the caricature was too pronounced—as in that of Wordsworth—and proclaimed the forgery. The discovery only afforded amusement, none joining louder in the laugh than the shepherd himself. Some of the poems in *The Poetic Mirror* are really excellent; the best, however, is perhaps that in which Hogg caricatures himself—“The Gude Grey Cat.” The imitations of Coleridge depict well the dreamy, half earthly, half unearthly lucubrations of the philosopher.

In 1819 the poet married Margaret Phillips, a lady above him in station, but comely and wise, and who was destined to make her husband’s home “the dearest spot on earth to him.” The attachment had existed, and the courtship had been going on, for ten years before the marriage took place. The lady, however, had never swerved from her devotion to the shepherd, although in these ten years he had passed through many vicissitudes of fortune and of favour.

In the same year were published two volumes, entitled *The Jacobite Relics*—songs of Jacobite times, with historical notes—published under the auspices of the Duke of Sussex and other persons of note. This work was collected and prepared by the Ettrick Shepherd. Not only were the notes from his pen, but many of the songs were written, or so re-written by him, as to be almost new versions

of the old text. The book fell out of print ; but it is not to be supposed therefore that it was valueless. It is, in fact, the only work of the same kind that we know of, and in the class of literature to which it belongs is a work of no small value.

Altrive Lake was the poet's home, with the exception of a few unlucky years spent at the adjoining farm of Mount Benger. This farm the shepherd, in an evil hour, took a lease of. We say unlucky, because, although a good poet, he seems to have been but a bad farmer, and his unfortunate tenancy of Mount Benger was disastrous, and clouded his remaining years with difficulties which he was never able altogether to surmount. Probably no author was ever so systematically unfortunate as James Hogg. Either he made a bad choice of publishers, or the fates were against him ; for almost without exception, soon after the work which Hogg had placed in their hands had been issued, his publishers became bankrupt. Had it not been for the liberal remuneration accorded by the magazines and annuals the little family at Altrive Lake must have starved. As it was, the shepherd's house on the banks of the Yarrow was the resort of visitors of every class and from every clime, who flocked to make the acquaintance, and judge for themselves, of the inspired genius of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. With the genial hospitality which characterised both the poet and his wife, every one was made welcome at Altrive Lake, or, at least, none were refused admittance. During the summer Hogg's time was much broken in upon

by visitors. He was a keen fisher, and as both the Yarrow and St. Mary's Loch abounded with trout and salmon, his company was in constant request to accompany his visitors on piscatorial expeditions. Perhaps in these later years the shepherd would have written better had there been fewer visitors at Altrive Lake ; at the same time, being constitutionally sociable, his mind might possibly have suffered more from seclusion than from too much society. We venture to quote from the record given by one of these visitors—an American, we think—which was published in *The Mirror* in 1833. After describing the approach to Altrive, the writer says :—“ Presently the shepherd came down with a large ‘pepper and salt’ coloured shooting-coat on, and his cheeks rolled up in flannels. The bright, intelligent eye, and fine forehead, were visible, notwithstanding the cosy bandage in which he was buried. Few men within a year or two of threescore (at this time he was sixty-three) wear such a hale appearance as James Hogg. Time has touched his figure and sprinkled the frost of age upon his pow ; but he is erect as the oak of the forest, and his step as free and elastic as any youth of five-and-twenty. There is an extreme resemblance between Hogg and the late Sir Walter Scott, that, as Professor Wilson is accustomed to remark, had they been brothers they would have been thought very like each other. The Ettrick Shepherd’s character is not so generally known or appreciated as it ought to be. He is known to many only by name, and to a few by detached

portions of his writings. To love the writer you must know the man. There is about him a frankness and an affection very seldom to be found in literary men: and the love he bears 'the flowers of the forest,' as he calls his children, and the nameless traits which lend a charm to character, command our esteem for one who has been unchanged by poverty and success, in good and evil report the friend of his race, and, as Sir Walter Scott, in speaking of him, said, 'ever the worthy man, and honest shepherd.'

The remark of the above writer, that Hogg was the friend of his race, leads us to speak of the efforts make by him for the furtherance of education in his immediate neighbourhood. Feeling, as he ever did, his own great lack of education, schools being far apart, and the population sparse, he thought a small school near Mount Benger—which was about the centre of the parish—would be advantageous. With this object in view, he fitted up an old hut as a school-room. A suitable teacher was got who lived with Mr. Hogg, while the fees paid by the pupils were sufficient to provide a small salary. Here for many years the boys and girls from the upper part of Yarrow received a good education. Being regarded as a great boon to the locality, the "Poet's School" was afterwards endowed, and continues to this day—lives as a monument of the Ettrick Shepherd's interest in his fellow men.

During the years spent at Altrive Hogg continued to write diligently, contributing to many of

the magazines as well as to the annuals, all of which were greedy for articles and poems from his pen.

We have said almost nothing of his prose writings, which were numerous, consisting of tales and sketches illustrative of the life of the country people. Of these "The Brownie of Bodsbeck" is justly celebrated. Many of his lesser poems are also worthy of notice.

"The Lord of Balloch" is a weird and horrible story, which one cannot read without experiencing a creeping of the flesh. It is a powerful delineation, equal in some respects to the famous "Blue Beard" of our childhood. The story is founded on a legend of the country of the Grants, and tells of Highland cruelty and revenge.

"Little Pynkie" is, to our thinking, a beautiful conception of a creature, not of this world exactly, but yet taking a part in its transactions, and all for the good of fair womankind, of which she was so fair and so perfect a specimen. There is something charming in the verse that tells us that when the young noblemen came to carry away the body of the dead baron, whom she had lured to his death, Pynkie stepped out among them, sang her stave, and danced her fairy wheel, when immediately their grief all fled, and they at once began to dance along with the tiny enchantress. It seems to have been a sort of tarentelle into which the bewitching Pynkie charmed them, for they, too, danced till evil overtook them. The poetry may not be at all times so musical as that of "Kilmeny," but it flows smoothly along, and the story is pure and sweet.

Of Hogg's songs it may be said that those of a national character are spirit-stirring. "Cam' ye by Athol" has always had great popularity, as well as "Flora M'Donald's Lament," and "Come o'er the Stream, Charlie." These are all Jacobite songs. "When the Kye comes Hame" is a pastoral, of much sweetness, which always lends a charm to the witching hour, "'tween the gloaming and the mirk," when so many love tales have been told in pastoral districts.

Early in 1832 Hogg was induced to visit London, which in those days seemed almost as distant as the shores of Canada are at the present time. Having now passed his three-score years, he was naturally anxious that some provision should be made for his wife and five children. So he went to London with the view of so arranging for the issue of a collected edition of his works as would bring in money. Such an arrangement was accordingly made with a young but enterprising publisher. The first volume of "The Altrive Tales" appeared, met with great success—then, with the usual luck attending the Ettrick Shepherd, the publisher was declared bankrupt! Undeserved misfortune, one would think—but so it was, and all Hogg's anxiety and trouble were thrown away. This sad event, however, followed the return of the poet to Yarrow.

His life in London was a sort of ovation, of which after two months he became heartily sick—most of all was he home-sick. The simple, homely shepherd from Ettrick Forest was made a

lion of among the literary circles in the metropolis—he was *fêted*, and courted, and made much of, till, as we have said, he grew weary.

Gladly did he return to Altrive in April, but he had hardly reached the longed-for shelter of his home when the disastrous intelligence reached him that, as on former occasions, his publisher had failed. This time the blow fell with double weight, as he was getting old and beginning to feel that his best writing days were past.

Although he continued to write regularly for *Blackwood*, for *Fraser's Magazine*, and for other periodicals, Hogg was never the same after the calamity which befell him in 1832. In the autumn of 1835 the end came. His health, which had been failing throughout the summer, entirely gave way, and after an illness of a few weeks, he died at Altrive Lake on the twenty-first of November 1835.

He was buried in Ettrick churchyard, alongside the graves of his shepherd ancestors; a modest headstone, erected by his widow, marks the spot where rest the mortal remains of the shepherd poet.

Hogg, as we have seen, left a widow; he left also five children, the eldest of whom was a son named James, who was singularly attached to his father. He still lives, but has remained unmarried. Of the four daughters three were married. The eldest and the youngest still survive. There are few descendants of the Ettrick Shepherd—only one of his daughters had a family. A son

of hers, who was named for his distinguished grandfather, died in infancy, and now there is none of the name to perpetuate the memory of the Bard.

In 1860 a monument was erected beside St. Mary's Loch to Hogg. It is a fairly good monument, but the district is silent and remote, so that comparatively few people see the lonely stone figure in the shepherd's plaid, which sits ever keeping watch, with his collie by his side, over his loved and lovely St. Mary's. We hope the time may yet come when the land which gave him birth will recognise the genius of her shepherd, and raise for him in the Metropolis a monument beside those of lesser bards, such as John Wilson and Allan Ramsay.

Nearly half-a-century has elapsed since the death of Hogg, but during that time his name and his poetry have not been forgotten. On the contrary, although a cloud hung for a while over his literary character owing to the misrepresentations contained in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and to the ungenerous attack made on his posthumous memory by J. G. Lockhart, in his life of Sir Walter Scott, happily Hogg's memory has recovered from the shock, and lives in the hearts and homes of the Scottish people, who have just cause to be proud of their peasant poet.

Of his religious sentiments we can only say that his writings throughout testify to his reverence for sacred things and for the Scriptures. He was regular and decided in instructing his children in the Scriptures, and in the Shorter Catechism, which is

the bulwark of Scotch Presbyterianism. The Covenanting story of "The Brownie of Bodsbeck" gives very decided proof of his reverence for and knowledge of the doctrines of salvation. Allowance must be made for the times in which and the people among whom he lived. They were times of great laxity, but there is no reason to believe that James Hogg was other than religious and God-fearing.

As we thus close the page of his life-history, we cannot but honour the name and the memory of the Bard who sang "Kilmeny" and "The Kye comes Hame," who sang them too, under such great difficulties; and although the world may not grow pale when it reads the story of his life, yet that life is well fitted to

"Point a moral or adorn a tale."

M. G. GARDEN.







Poetical Works of James Hogg.

THE QUEEN'S WAKE.

QUEEN MARY'S ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

AFTER a youth by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain ;
Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand, thousand shouts ascended ;
Shivered the breeze around the throng ;
Grey barrier cliffs the peals prolong,
And every tongue gave thanks to Heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien
Bespoke the lady and the queen ;

The woes of one so fair and young
Moved every heart, and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild ;
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotion, broil, and war :
In one short year her hopes all crossed—
A parent, husband, kingdom lost,
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honours o'er her royal head ;—
For such a queen, the Stuarts' heir,
A queen so courteous, young, and fair,
Who would not every foe defy ?
Who would not stand ? who would not die ?

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung,
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wild waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue !
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen !
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair on Scottish plain
A Scot shall never see again.
When Mary turned her wondering eyes
To rocks that seemed to prop the skies ;
On palace, park, and battled pile ;
On lake and river, sea and isle,
O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,
To distant mountains wild and blue,

She thought the isle that gave her birth
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Our Queen commands that every bard
Due honours have and high regard.
If to his song of rolling fire
He joins the Caledonian lyre,
And skill in legendary lore,
Still higher shall his honours soar.
For all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay ;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.

“ To cherish this attractive art,
To lull the passions, mend the heart,
And break the moping zealot's chains,
Hear what our lovely queen ordains :

“ Each Caledonian bard must seek
Her courtly halls on Christmas week,
That there the royal wake may be
Cheered by their thrilling minstrelsy.
No ribaldry the Queen must hear,
No song unmeet for maiden's ear,
No jest, nor adulation bland,
But legends of our native land ;
And he whom most the court regards,
High be his honours and rewards.
Let every Scottish bard give ear,
Let every Scottish bard appear,
He then before the court must stand,
In native garb with harp in hand.

At home no minstrel dare to tarry,
High the behest—God save Queen Mary !”

December came ; his aspect stern
Glared deadly o'er the mountain cairn ;
A polar sheet was round him flung,
And ice-spears at his girdle hung ;
O'er frigid field and drifted cone,
He strode undaunted and alone ;
Or, throned among the Grampians grey,
Kept thaws and suns of heaven at bay.

Not stern December's fierce control
Could quench the flame of minstrel's soul :
Little recked they, our bards of old,
Of autumn's showers, or winter's cold.
Sound slept they on the 'nighted hill,
Lulled by the winds, or bubbling rill
Curtained within the winter cloud,
The heath their couch, the sky their shroud ;
Yet theirs the strains that touch the heart—
Bold, rapid, wild, and void of art.

Unlike the bards, whose milky lays
Delight in these degenerate days :
Their crystal spring and heather brown
Is changed to wine and couch of down ;
Effeminate as lady gay,
Such as the bard, so is his lay !

But there was seen, from every vale,
Through drifting snows and rattling hail,
Each Caledonian minstrel true,
Dressed in his plaid and bonnet blue,

With harp across his shoulders slung,
And music murmuring round his tongue,
Forcing his way in raptures high,
To Holyrood his skill to try.

Their numbers given, the lots were cast,
To fix the names of first and last ;
Then to the dazzling hall were led
Poor minstrels less alive than dead.

There such a scene entranced the view,
As heart of poet never knew.
'Twas not the flush of golden gear,
Nor blaze of silver chandelier ;
Nor Scotland's chiefs of noble air,
Nor dazzling rows of ladies fair ;
Twas one enthroned the rest above—
Sure 'twas the queen of grace and love !
Taper the form, and fair the breast
Yon radiant, golden zones invest,
Where the vexed rubies blanch in death,
Beneath yon lips and balmy breath ;
Coronal gems of every dye
Look dim above yon beaming eye.
Yon cheeks outvie the dawning's glow,
Red shadowed on a wreath of snow.

Oft the rapt bard had thought alone,
Of charms by mankind never known,

But, nor in earth, the sea, nor sky,
In fairy dream, nor fancy's eye,
Vision his soul had never seen
Like Mary Stuart, Scotland's Queen.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

Next in the list was Gardyn's name ;
 No sooner called, than forth he came.
 Stately he strode, nor bow made he,
 Nor even a look of courtesy.
 The simpering cringe and fawning look
 Of him who late the lists forsook,*
 Roused his proud heart, and fired his eye,
 That glowed with native dignity.

Full sixty years the bard had seen,
 Yet still his stately form and mien,
 His garb of ancient Caledon,
 Where lines of silk and scarlet shone,
 And golden garters neath his knee,
 Announced no man of mean degree.

Upon his harp of wondrous frame
 Was carved his lineage and his name,
 There stood the cross that name above,
 Fair emblem of almighty love ;
 Beneath rose an embossment proud—
 A rose beneath a thistle bowed.

Lightly upon the form he sprang,
 And his bold harp impetuous rang
 Not one by one the chords he tried,
 But brushed them o'er from side to side,
 With either hand, so rapid, loud,
 Shook were the walls of Holyrood.
 Then in a mellow tone, and strong,
 He poured his wild and dreadful song.

First Bard, Rizzio.

Young Kennedy.

The Second Bard's Song.

When the gusts of October had rifled the thorn,
 And dappled the woodland, and umbered the plain,
 In den of the mountain was Kennedy born ;
 There hushed by the tempest, baptised with the rain,
 His cradle a mat that swung high on the oak ;
 His couch the sere mountain-fern spread on the rock ;
 The white knobs of ice from the chilled nipple hung,
 And loud winter torrents his lullaby sung.

Unheeded he shivered, unheeded he cried ;
 Soon died on the breeze of the forest his moan.
 To his wailings the weary wood-echoes replied ;
 His watcher, the wondering redbreast alone.
 Oft gazed his young eye on the whirl of the storm,
 And all the wild shades that the desert deform ;
 From cleft in the corrie which thunders had riven,
 It sped on the pale, fleeting visions of heaven.

The nursling of misery, young Kennedy learned
 His hunger, his thirst, and his passions to feed ;
 With pity for others his heart never yearned—
 Their pain was his pleasure—their sorrow his meed.
 His eye was the eagle's, the twilight his hue ;
 His stature like pine of the hill where he grew ;
 His soul was the neal-fire, inhaled from his den,
 And never knew fear, save for ghost of the glen.

His father a chief for barbarity known,
 Proscribed, and by gallant Macdougal expelled ;
 Where rolls the dark Teith through the valley of Doune,
 The conqueror's menial, he toiled in the field.

His master he loved not, obeyed with a scowl,
 Scarce smothered his hate, and his rancour of soul ;
 When challenged, his eye and his colour would change,
 His proud bosom nursing and planning revenge.

Matilda, ah ! woe that the wild rose's dye
 Shed over thy maiden cheek, caused thee to rue !
 O, why was the sphere of thy love-rolling eye
 Inlaid with the diamond and dipt in the dew ?
 Thy father's sole daughter ; his hope and his care ;
 The child of his age and the child of his prayer ;
 And thine was the heart that was gentle and kind,
 And light as the feather that sports in the wind.

To her home from the lowlands Matilda returned,
 All fair was her form, and untainted her mind.
 Young Kennedy saw her, his appetite burned
 As fierce as the wood-flame impelled by the wind.
 Was it love ? No ; the ray his dark soul never knew,
 That spark which eternity burns to renew ;
 'Twas the flush of desire, kindled fierce by revenge,
 Which savages feel, the brown desert that range.

Sweet woman ! too well is thy tenderness known,
 Too often deep sorrow succeeds thy lone smile,
 Too oft in a moment, thy peace overthrown—
 Fair butt of delusion, of passion, of guile !
 What heart will not bleed for Matilda so gay,
 To art and to long perseverance a prey ?
 Why sings yon scared blackbird in sorrowful mood ?
 Why blushes the daisy deep in the greenwood ?

Ah ! Kennedy, vengeance hangs over thine head !
 Escape to thy native Glengarry forlorn ;

Why art thou at midnight away from thy bed ?

Why quakes thy big heart at the break of the morn ?

Why chatters yon magpie on gable so loud ?

Why flits yon light vision in gossamer shroud ?

How came yon white doves from the window to fly,
And hover on weariless wing to the sky ?

Yon *'pie* is the prophet of terror and death ;

O'er Abel's green arbour that omen was given ;

Yon pale boding phantom a messenger wraith ;

Yon doves two fair angels commissioned of heaven :

The sun is in state, and the reapers in motion ;

Why were they not called to their morning devotion ?

Why slumbers Macdougal so long in his bed ?

Ah ! pale on his couch the old chieftain lies dead !

But why do the matrons, while dressing the dead,

Sit silent and look as if something they knew ?

Why gaze on the features ? why move they the head ?

And point at the bosom so dabbled and blue ?

Say, was there foul play ?—Then why sleeps the red
thunder ?

Ah ! hold, for suspicion stands silent with wonder.

The body's entombed, and the green turf laid over—

Matilda is wed to her dark Highland lover.

Yes, the new moon that stooped over green Aberfoyle,

And shed her light dews on a father's new grave,

Beheld, in her wane, the gay wedding turmoil,

And lighted the bride to her chamber at eve ;

Blue, blue was the heaven ; and, o'er the wild scene,

A vapoury silver veil floated serene,

A fairy perspective that bore from the eye

Wood, mountain, and meadow, in distance to lie.

The scene was so still, it was all like a vision ;

The lamp of the moon seemed as fading for ever ;
'Twas awfully soft, without shade or elision ;

And nothing was heard but the rush of the river.
But why won't the bride-maidens walk on the lea,
Nor lovers steal out to the sycamore tree ?
Why turn to the hall with those looks of confusion ?
There's nothing abroad !—'tis a dream !—a delusion !

'Tis all an illusion ! the lamp let us trim ;

Come rouse thee old minstrel to strains of renown ;
The old cup is empty, fill round to the brim,

And drink the young pair to their chamber just gone.
Ha ! why is the cup from the lip ta'en away ?
Why fixed every form like a statue of clay ?
Say, whence is that outcry of horrid despair ?
I haste, fly to the marriage bed-chamber—'tis there !

O ! haste thec Strath-Allen, Glen Ogle away,

These outcries betoken wild horror and woe ;
The dull ear of midnight is stunned with dismay ;

Glen Ogle, Strath-Allan, fly swift as the roe.
Mid darkness and death, on eternity's brim,
You stood with Macdonald and Archibald the Grim ;
Then why do you hesitate ? why do you stand
With claymore unsheathed, and red taper in hand ?

The tumult is o'er ; not a murmur nor groan ;

What footsteps so madly pace through the saloon ?
'Tis Kennedy, naked and ghastly, alone,

Who hies him away by the light of the moon.
All prostrate and bleeding Matilda they found,
The threshold her pillow, her couch the cold ground ;

Her features distorted, her colour the clay,
Her feelings, her voice, and her reason away.

Ere morn they returned ; but how well had they never !

They brought with them horror too deep to sustain ;
Returned but to chasten and vanish for ever,

To harrow the bosom, and fever the brain.

List, list to her tale, youth, levity, beauty ;—

O ! sweet is the path of devotion and duty !—

When pleasure smiles sweetest dread danger and death,
And think of Matilda, the flower of the Teith.

THE BRIDE'S TALE.

I had just laid me down, but no word could I pray,

I had pillow'd my head and drawn up the bed-cover ;

I thought of the grave, where my loved father lay,

So damp and so cold, with the grass growing over.

I looked to my husband, but just as he came

To enter my couch it seemed all in a flame,

A ghastly resplendence as bright as day noon,

Though shut was the chamber from eye of the moon.

Bestower of being ! in pity, O ! hide

That sight from the eye of my spirit for ever ;

That page from the volume of memory divide,

Or memory and being eternally sever !

My father approached, our bed-curtains he drew,

Ah, well the grey locks and pale features I knew ;

I saw his fixed eye-balls indignantly glow ;

Yet still in that look there were pity and woe.

“ O ! hide thee, my daughter,” he eagerly cried ;

“ O ! haste from the bed of that parricide lover !

Embrace not thy husband, unfortunate bride,

Thy red cup of misery already runs over.

He strangled thy father; thy guilt paved the way ;
 Thy heart yet is blameless, O ! fly while you may !
 Thy portion of life must calamity leaven ;
 But fly while there's hope of forgiveness from Heaven.

“ And thou, fell destroyer of virtue and life,
 O ! well mayst thou quake at thy terrible doom ;
 For body or soul, with barbarity rife,
 On earth is no refuge, in heaven no room.
 Fly whither thou wilt, I will follow thee still,
 To dens of the forest, or mists of the hill ;
 The task I'm assigned, which I'll never forego,
 But chase thee from earth to thy dwelling below.

“ The cave shall not cover, the cloud shall not hide thee ;
 At noon I will wither thy sight with my frown,
 In gloom of the night I will lay me beside thee,
 And pierce with this weapon thy bosom of stone.”
 Fast fled the despoiler with howlings most dire,
 Fast followed the spirit with rapier of fire ;
 Away, and away, through the silent saloon,
 And away, and away, by the light of the moon.

To follow I tried, but sank down at the door,
 Alas ! from that trance that I ever awoke !
 How wanders my mind ! I shall see him no more
 Till God shall yon gates everlasting unlock.
 My poor brow is open, 'tis burning with pain !
 O, kiss it, sweet vision ! O, kiss it again !
 Now give me thine hand ; I will fly, I will fly !
 Away on the morn's dappled wing to the sky.

The Conclusion.

O shepherd of Braco, look well to thy flock,
 The piles of Glen Ardochy murmur and jar ;

The rook and the raven converse from the rock,
The beasts of the forest are howling afar.
Shrill pipes the goss-hawk his dire tidings to tell,
The grey mountain-falcon accords with his yell ;
Aloft on bold pinion the eagle is borne,
To ring the alarm at the gates of the morn.

Ah ! shepherd, thy kids wander safe in the wood,
Thy lambs feed in peace in Benardochy's brow ;
Then why is the hoary cliff sheeted with blood ?
And what the poor carcase lies mangled below ?
Oh, hie thee away to thy hut at the fountain ,
And dig a lone grave on the top of yon mountain ;
But fly it for ever where falls the grey gloaming ;
For there a grim phantom still naked is roaming,

THE EIGHTH BARD.

The eighth was from the Leven coast ;
The rest that sung that night are lost.

Mounted the bard of Fife on high,
Bushy his beard and wild his eye ;
His cheek was furrowed by the gale,
And his thin locks were long and pale ;
Some wizard of the wild he seemed,
Who through the scenes of life had dream'd
Of spells that vital life benumb,
Of formless spirits wandering dumb,
Where aspects in the moonbeam quake,
By mouldering pile, or mountain lake.

Of mountain ash his harp was framed,
 The brazen chords all trembling flamed,
 As in a rugged northern tongue
 This mad unearthly song he sung.

The Witch of Fife.

The Eighth Bard's Song.

“Where have ye been, ye ill woman,
 These three lang nichts frae hame?
 What gars the sweit drap frae yer brow,
 Like clots o' the saut sea faem?

“It fears me muckle ye have seen
 What guid man never knew;
 It fears me muckle ye have been
 Where the grey cock never crew.

“But the spell may crack, and the bridle breck,
 Then sharp yer weird will be;
 Ye had better sleep in yer bed at hame
 Wi' yer dear little bairns and me.”

“Sit down, sit down, my leal auld man,
 Sit down and listen to me;
 I'll gar the hair stand on yer crown
 And the cauld sweit blind yer e'e.

“But tell nae words, my guid auld man,
 Tell never word again;
 Or dear shall be yer courtesy;
 And driche and sair yer pain.

“ The first *leet* nicht, when the new moon set,
 When all was douf and mirk,
 We saddled our naigs wi’ the moon fern leaf,
 And rode frae Kilmorran Kirk.

“ Some horses were of the broom cow framed,
 And some of the green bay tree ;
 But mine was made of a hemlock-shaw,
 And a stout stallion was he.

“ We rode the tod doon on the hill
 The martin on the law ;
 And we hunted the hoolit out o’ breath ;
 And *forcit* him doon to fa’.”—

“ What guid was that, ye ill woman ?
 What guid was that to thee ?
 Ye wad better have been in yer bed at hame
 Wi’ yer dear little bairns and me.”

“ And aye we rade and sae merrylie we rade,
 Through the merkist gloffs o’ the night ;
 And we swam the flood, and we *darnit* the wood,
 Till we cam to the Lommond height.

“ And when we cam to the Lommond height,
 Sae blythlie we lighted doon ;
 And we drank frae the horns that never grew,
 The beer that was never *brewin*.

“ Then up there rose ane wee, wee man,
 Frae ’neath the moss-grey stane ;
 His face was wan like the cauliflower,
 For he neither had blude nor bane.

“ He set his reed-pipe till his mouth ;
 And he played sae bonnylie,
 Till the grey curlew, and the black-cock flew
 To listen his melody.

“ It rang sae sweet through the green Lommond
 That the night-wind lownier blew ;
 And it *scopit* along the Loch Leven
 And wakened the white sea-mew.

“ It rang sae sweet through the green Lommond,
 Sae sweetly butt and sae shill,
 That the weazles lap out o’ their moudy holes,
 And danced on the midnicht hill.

“ The corby craw cam gledgin’ near,
 The ern gaed veering by ;
 And the trouts *laup* out o’ the Loch Leven
 Charmed with the melody.

“ And aye we danced on the green Lommond
 Till the dawn on the ocean grew,
 Nae wonder I was a weary wicht
 When I cam hame to you.”—

“ What guid, what guid, my weird, weird wife,
 What guid was that to thee ?
 Ye wad better have been in yer bed at hame
 Wi’ yer dear little bairns and me.”

“ The second nicht when the new moon set,
 O’er the roaring sea we flew ;
 The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
 Our sails of the green sea-rue.

“ And the bauld winds blew, and the fire-flauchts
flew,
And the sea ran to the sky ;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
As we gaed scouring by.

And aye we mountif the sea-green hills,
Till we brush'd through the cluds of the heaven ;
Then sousit doonright, like the stern-shot light
Frae the lift's blue casement driven.

“ But our tackle stood, and our bark was good,
And so pang was our pearly prow ;
When we couldna speil the brow o' the waves
We *needl't* them through below.

“ As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
As fast as the midnight leme,
We bor'd the breast of the bursting swale,
Or fluff't in the floating faem.

“ And when to the Norway shore we wan,
We mounted on steeds of the wind,
And we splashed the flood, and we darnit the wood,
And we left the shore behind.

“ Fleet is the roe on the green Lommond,
And swift as the cour'ing grew,
The rein-deer dun can eithly run
When the hounds and the horns pursue.

“ But neither the roe nor the rein-deer dun,
The hind nor the cour'ing grew,
Could fly o'er mountain, main, and dale,
As our braw steeds they flew.

“ The dales were deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
As we rase to the sky’s e’e-bree ;
White, white, was our road, that was never trod
O’er the snaws of eternity !

“ And when we cam to the Lapland lone,
The fairies were all in array ;
For all the genii of the north
Were keeping their holiday.

“ The warlock men and the weird women,
And the fays of the wood and the steep,
And the phantom hunters all were there,
And the mermaids of the deep.

“ And they washit us all with the witch-water,
Distill’d frae the morning dew,
Till our beauty blum’d like the Lapland rose,
That wild in forest grew.”—

“ Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill woman,
Sae loud as I hear ye lee !
For the warst-faured wife on the shores of Fife
Is comlie comparit wi’ thee.”—

“ Than the mermaids sang, and the woodlands rang,
Sae sweetly swell’d the quire ;
On every cliff a harp they hung,
On every tree a lyre.

“ And aye they sang, and the woodlands rang,
And we drank, and we drank sae deep ;
Then saft in the arms of the warlock men
We laid us doon to sleep.”—

“ Away, away, ye ill woman,
 An ill deed mot ye dee !
 When ye hae provit sae fause to yer God,
 · Ye can never prove true to me ! ”—

“ And there we learn'd frae the fairy folk,
 And frae our master true,
 The words that can bear us through the air,
 And locks and bars undo.

“ Last nicht we met at Maisey's cot ;
 Richt well the words we knew ;
 And we set a foot on the black cruik-shele,
 And out at the lum we flew.

“ And we flew ow'r hill, and we flew ow'r dale,
 And we flew ow'r firth and sea,
 Until we cam to merry Carlisle,
 · Where we lightit on the lea.

“ We gaed to the vault beyond the tow'r,
 Where we entered free as air,
 And we drank, and we drank of the Bishop's wine,
 Until we could drink nae mair.”—

“ Gin that be true, my guid auld wife,
 Whilk thou hast tauld to me,
 Betide my death, betide my life,
 I'll bear thee companie.

“ Neist time ye gang to merry Cariisle,
 To drink of the bluid-red wine,
 Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
 If the deil should fly behind.”—

“ Ah ! little do ye ken, my silly auld man,
The dangers we maun dree ;
Last nicht we drank of the Bishop’s wine,
Till near, near ta’en were we.

“ Afore we wan to the Sandy Ford,
The yor-cocks nichering flew,
The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen
Was wavit about with blue,
And, flichtering through the air, we fand
The chill, chill morning dew.

“ As we flew o’er the hills of Braid,
The sun raise fair and clear ;
There gurly James and his barons braw
War out to hunt the deer.

“ Their bows they drew, their arrows flew,
And piercit the air with speed,
Till purple fell the morning dew,
Wi’ witch-blude rank and red.

“ Little do ye ken, my silly auld man,
The dangers we maun dree ;
Nae wonder I am a weary wight
When I come hame to thee.”—

“ But tell me the *word*, my guid auld wife ;
Come tell me speedily ;
For I lang to drink o’ the guid red wine,
And to wing the air with thee.

“ Yer hellish horse I winna-ride,
Nor sail the seas in the wind ;
But I can flee as well as thee,
And I’ll drink till ye be blind.”—

“ O fy ! O fy ! my leal auld man,
 That word I daurna tell ;
 It would turn this warld all upside down,
 And make it worse than hell.

“ For all the lassies in the land
 Wad mount the wind and fly ;
 And the men wad doff their doublets' side,
 And after them wad ply.”

But the auld guidman was a cunning auld man,
 And a cunning auld man was he ;
 And he watch'd, and he watch'd for mony a nicht,
 The witches' flight to see.

Ane nicht he darnit in Maisey's cot ;
 The fearless hags cam in,
 And he heard the word of awsome weird,
 And he saw their deeds of sin.

Then ane by ane they said that word,
 As fast to the fire they drew ;
 Then set a foot on the black cruike-shele
 And out at the lum they flew.

The auld guidman cam frae his hole
 With fear and muckle dread,
 But yet he couldna think to rue,
 For the wine cam in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruike-shele,
 With ane fixed and ane *wawlyng* ee ;
 And he said the word that I daurna say,
 And out at the lum flew he.

The witches scalit the moonbeams pale ;
Deep groaned the trembling wind ;
But they never wist till our auld guidman
Was hovering them behind.

They flew to the vaults of merry Carlisle,
Where they entered free as air ;
And they drank, and they drank of the Bishop's
wine,
Till they could drink nae mair.

The auld guidman he grew sae crouse,
He danced on the mouldy ground,
And he sang the bonniest sangs o' Fife,
And he *touzled* the karlins round.

And aye he pierced the tither butt,
And he sucked, and he sucked sae lang,
Till his een they closed, and his voice grew low,
And his tongue would hardly gang.

The karkins drank of the Bishop's wine
Till they scented the morning wind ;
Then clove again the yielding air,
And left the auld man behind.

And aye he sleepit on the damp, damp floor,
He sleepit and he snorit amain ;
He never dreamed he was far frae hame,
Or that the auld wives were gane.

And aye he sleepit on the damp, damp floor,
Till past the mid-day height,
When wakened by five rough Englishmen,
That trailed him to the light.

“ Now, wha are ye, ye silly auld man,
 That sleeps sae sound and sae weel?
 Or how gat ye into the Bishop’s vault
 Through locks and bars of steel ? ”

The auld guidman he tryèd to speak,
 But a word he couldna find ;
 He tryèd to think, but his head whirled round,
 And a thing he couldna mind ; —
 “ I cam frae Fife,” the auld man cried,
 “ And I cam on the midnight wind.”

They nickit the auld man, and they prickit the
 auld man,
 And they yerkit his limbs wi’ twine,
 Till the red blood ran in his hose and shoon,
 But some cried it was wine.

They nickit the auld man, and they prickit the
 auld man,
 And they tyit him till a stone,
 And they set a bele-fire him about,
 To burn him skin and bone.

“ O wae to me,” said the puir auld man,
 “ That ever I saw the day !
 And wae be to all the ill women,
 That lead puir men astray !

“ Let never an auld man after this,
 To lawless greed incline ;
 Let never an auld man after this,
 Rin post to the deil for wine.”

The reek flew up in the auld man's face,
 And chokit him bitterly ;
 Aud the lowe cam up with an angry blaze,
 And singit his auld breek-knee.

He looked to the land from whence he came,
 For looks he could get nae mae ;
 And he thought of his dear little bairns at hame,
 And O ! the auld man was wae !

But they turned their faces to the sun,
 With gloffe and wondrous glare,
 For they saw a thing baith large and dun,
 Come swooping through the air.

That bird it cam frae the land of Fife,
 And it cam right timeously,
 For wha was it but the auld man's wife,
 Just comit his death to see ?

She put a red cap on his head,
 And the auld guidman looked fain,
 Then whispered a word intil his lug,
 And tovit to the air again.

The auld guidman he ga'e ane bob
 I' the mids o' the burning lowe ;
 And the shackles that bound him to the rings,
 They fell frae his arms like towe.

He drew his breath and he said the word,
 And he said it wi' muckle glee,
 And set his foot on the burning pile,
 And away to the air flew he.

Till aince he cleared the swirling reek
He lukit baith feared and sad ;
But when he wan to the light blue air,
He lauchit as he'd been mad.

His arms were spread, and his head was high,
And his feet stuck out behind ;
And the labies o' the auld man's coat
Were wauffling in the wind.

He lookit back to the Carlisle men,
As he hovit the norland sky ;
He noddit his head and gae'd ane girn,
But he never said " Guid-bye."

They vanished far in the lift's blue vale,
Nae mair the English saw,
But the auld man's laugh cam on the gale
Wi' a laugh, and a loud guffaw.

May ever ilk man in the land of Fife
Read what the drinkers dree ;
And never curse his puir auld wife,
Right wicked although she be.

When ceased the minstrel's crazy song,
His heedful glance embraced the throng,
And found the smile of free delight
Dimpling the cheeks of ladies bright.
Ah ! never yet was bard unmoved,
When beauty smiled or birth approved !
For though his song he holds at nought—
" An idle strain ! a passing thought ! "

Child of the soul ! 'tis held more dear
Than aught by mortals valued here.

When Leven's bard the court had viewed,
His eye, his vigour, was renewed.
No, not the evening's closing eye,
Veiled in the rainbow's deepest dye,
By summer breezes lulled to rest,
Cradled on Leven's silver breast,
Or slumbering on the distant sea,
Imparted sweeter ecstasy.

Nor even the angel of the night,
Kindling his holy sphere of light,
Afar upon the heaving deep,
To light a world of peaceful sleep,
Though in her beam night spirits glanced,
And lovely fays in circles danced,
Or rank by rank rode lightly by,—
Was sweeter to our minstrel's eye.

Unheard, the bird of morning crew ;
Unheard, the breeze of Ocean blew ;
The night unweened had passed away,
And dawning ushered in the day.
The Queen's young maids, of cherub hue,
Aside the silken curtains drew,
And lo, the night in still profound,
In fleece of heaven had clothed the ground ;
And still her furs, so light and fair,
Floated along the morning air.
Low stooped the pine amid the wood,
And the tall cliffs of Salisbury stood
Like marble columns bent and riven,
Propping a pale and frowning heaven.

The Queen bent from her gilded chair,
And waved her hand with graceful air :—
“ Break up the court, my lords ; away,
And use the day as best you may,
In sleep, in love, or wassail cheer ;
The day is dark, the evening near—
Say, will you grace my halls the while,
And in the dance the day beguile ?
Break up the court, my lords ; away,
And use the day as best you may.
Give order that my minstrels true
Have royal fare and honours due ;
And warned by evening’s bugle shrill,
We meet to judge their minstrel skill.”

Whether that Royal Wake gave birth
To days of sleep and nights of mirth,
Which kings and courtiers still approve,
Which sages blame, and ladies love,
Imports not ;—but our courtly throng
(That chapel wake being kept so long)
Slept out the lowering short-lived days,
And heard by night their native lays,
Till fell the eve of Christmas good,
The dedication of the rood.

Ah me ! at routs and revels gay,
Reproach of this unthrifty day,
Though none amongst the dames or men
Rank higher than a citizen,
In chair or chariot all are borne,
Closed from the piercing eye of morn,
But then, though dawning blasts are keen,
Scotland’s high dames you might have seen,

Ere from the banquet-hall they rose,
 Shift their laced shoes and silken hose ;
 Their broidered kirtles round them throw ;
 And wade their way through wreaths of snow,
 Leaving on lord or lover's arm,
 Cheerful and reckless of all harm.
 Vanished those hardy times outright ;
 So is our ancient Scottish might.

To all who love the raptures high
 Of Scottish song and minstrelsy,
 Till next the night, in sable shroud,
 Shall wrap the halls of Holyrood,
 That rival minstrel's song I borrow—
 I bid a hearty kind good-morrow.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

THE ELEVENTH BARD.

Different the next the herald nam'd ;
 Warrior he was, in battle maim'd,
 When Lennox, on the downs of Kyle,
 O'erthrew McConnel and Argyle.
 Unable more the sword to wield
 With dark Clan-Alpine in the field,
 Or rouse the dun deer from her den,
 With fierce Macfarlane and his men ;
 He strove to earn a minstrel fame,
 And fondly nursed the sacred flame.
 Warm was his heart, and bold his strain,
 Wild fancies in his moody brain
 Gamboll'd, unbridled, and unbound,
 Lured by a shade, decoyed by sound.

In tender age, when mind was free,
As standing by his nurse's knee,
He heard a tale so passing strange
Of injured spirit's cool revenge,
It chilled his heart with blasting dread,
Which never more that bosom fled.
When passion's flash had fled his eye,
And grey hairs told that youth was by,
Still quaked his heart at bush or stone,
As wandering in the gloom alone.

Where foxes roam, and eagles rave,
And dark woods round Ben Lomond wave,
Once on a night—a night of dread !
He held convention with the dead ;
Brought warnings to the house of death,
And tidings from a world beneath.

The mountain side was dorn with oak,
Darkened with pine, and ribb'd with rock.
Blue billows round its base were driven,
Its top was steeped in waves of heaven.
The wood, the wind, the billows' moan,
All spoke in language of their own,
But too well to our minstrel known.
Wearied, bewildered, in amaze,
Hymning in heart the Virgin's praise,
A cross he framed of birchen bough,
And 'neath that cross he laid him low,
Hid by the heath and Highland plaid,
His old harp in his bosom laid.
Oh ! when the winds that wandered by,
Sang on his breast their lullaby,
How thrilled the tones his bosom through,
And deeper, holier, poured his vow.

No sleep was his—he raised his eye,
To note if dangerous place were nigh.
There columned rocks, abrupt and rude,
Hung o'er his gateless solitude :
The muffled sloe and tangling briar
Precluded freak or entrance here ;
But yonder ope'd a little path,
O'ershadowed, deep, and dark as death.
Trembling, he groped around his lair
For mountain ash, but none was there.
Teeming with forms his terror grew,
Heedful he watched, for well he knew
That in that deep and devious dell
Some lingering ghost or sprite must dwell ;
So as he trow'd, so it befell.

The stars were wrapt in curtain grey,
The blast of midnight died away ;
'Twas just the hour of solemn dread,
When walk the spirits of the dead.
Rustled the leaves with gentle motion,
Groaned his chilled soul in deep devotion.
The lake-fowl's wake was heard no more ;
The wave forgot to brush the shore ;
Hush'd was the bleat on moor and hill ;
The wandering clouds of heaven stood still.

What heart could bear, what eye could meet,
The spirits in their lone retreat ?
Rustled again the darksome dell ;
Straight on the minstrel's vision fell
A trembling and unwonted light,
That show'd the phantoms to his sight.
Came forth a slender female form,
Pale as the moon in winter storm ;

A babe of sweet simplicity
Clung to her breast, as pale as she,
And aye she sung its lullaby.
That cradle-song of the phantom's child,
Oh ! but it was soothing, holy, and wild !
But, oh ! that song can ill be sung
By Lowland bard, or Lowland tongue.

THE SPECTRE'S CRADLE-SONG.

“ HUSH, my bonnie babe, hush and be still !
Thy mother's arms shall shield thee from ill ;
Far have I borne thee in sorrow and pain,
To drink the breeze of the world again.
The dew shall moisten thy brow so meek,
And the breeze of midnight fan thy cheek,
And soon shall we rest in the bow of the hill ;
Hush, my bonnie babe, hush and be still !
For thee have I travelled, in weakness and woe,
The world above and the world below.
My heart was soft, and it fell in the snare ;
Thy father was cruel, but thou wert fair.
I sinned, I sorrow'd, I died for thee ;
Smile, my bonnie babe, smile on me !

“ See yon thick clouds of murky hue ;
Yon star that peeps from its window blue ;
Above yon clouds, that wander far,
Away above yon little star,
There's a home of peace that shall soon be thine,
And there shalt thou see thy father and mine.
The flowers of the world shall bud and decay,
The trees of the forest be weeded away,

But there thou shalt bloom for ever and aye.
 The time will come, I shall follow thee,
 But long, long hence that time shall be ;
 Smile now, my bonnie babe, smile on me ! ”

Slow moved she on with dignity,
 Nor bush, nor brake, nor rock, nor tree,
 Her footsteps stay'd ; o'er cliffs so bold,
 Where not the wren its foot could hold,
 Stately she wandered, firm and free,
 Singing her soften'd lullaby.

Three naked phantoms next came on,
 They beckon'd low, pass'd, and were gone.
 Then came a troop of sheeted dead,
 With shade of chieftain at their head,
 And with our bard in brake forlorn
 Held converse till the dawn of morn.
 Their ghostly rites, their looks, their mould,
 Or words to man he never told ;
 But much he learn'd of mystery,
 Of that was past, and that should be.
 Thenceforth he troubles oft divined,
 And scarcely held his perfect mind.
 Yet still the song admired when young,
 He loved, and that in court he sung.

The Flite of Macgregor.

The Eleventh Bard's Song.

“ MACGREGOR, Macgregor, remember our foemen :
 The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond ;
 The clans are impatient and chide thy delay ;
 Arise, let us bound to Glen-Lyon away.”

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then, silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan ;
“ Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed ;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest.”

“ Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been
flying
Three days round the hills of McNab and Glen-Lyon :
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home, else they’ll quickly be
here.”

“ The Campbell may come, as his promises bind
him,
And haughty McNab, with his giants behind him ;
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind ;
Thou know’st in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blanched at the ire or the prowess of man.
But I’ve sworn by the cross, by my God, and my all —
An oath which I cannot and dare not recall —
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

“ Last night in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
When entered a lady with visage so wan,
And looks such as never was fastened on man.
I knew her, O brother ! I knew her too well,
Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
As would thrill thy bold heart ; but how long she
remained,

So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while.
Though proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
With length of existence no man can enjoy,
The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly ;
The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
Macgregor would dive to the mansions below,
Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
The present to shun, and so respite to find,
I swore ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

“ She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a
stone,
The glory and name of Macgregor were gone ;
That the pine which for ages had shed a bright halo
Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo
Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun ;
That a feast on Macgregors each day should be
common,
For years to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

“ A parting embrace in one moment she gave :
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave !
Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown,
‘ The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own ! ’ ”

“ Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind ;
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind.
Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield :
Ay, that was McNab, in the height of his pride,
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.

This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue ;
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue ;
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light :
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed ;
" No ! not for the universe ! "—low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone ;
To watch the dread rendezvous Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene !
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching ;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching ;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill ;
Young Malcolm at distance couched trembling the while—
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem ;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glow-worm her wake-light, the rainbow her boom ;
A dim, rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire at midnight that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent—no rock—her velocity stayed ;

She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain ;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side.
" Macgregor ! Macgregor !" he bitterly cried ;
" Macgregor ! Macgregor !" the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
But the groans from the boat that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away :
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye.

Kilmeny.

The Thirteenth Bard's Song.

BONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring ;
The scarlet hypp and the hind-berrye,
And the nest that hung frae the hazel tree ;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

But lang may her minny look o'er the wa' ;
 And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw ;
 Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame !

When many lang day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
 When the bedesman had pray'd and the dead-bell rung,
 Late, late in a gloaming, when all was still,
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane ;
 When the ingle lowed wi' an airy leme—
 Late, late in the gloaming Kilmeny came hame !

“ Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean ;
 By burn, by ford, by greenwood tree,
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
 Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen ?
 That bonnie snood o' the birk sae green ?
 And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ? ”

Kilmeny look'd up wi' a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ;
 As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
 For Kilmeny had been, she kenned not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare ;
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
 When she spoke of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been ;
 A land of love and a land of light,
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,
 And the light a pure and cloudless beam ;
 The land of vision, it would seem,
 A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green wood there is a waik,
 And in that waik there is a wene,
 And in that wene there is a maike ;
 That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane ;
 And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom hap'd wi' flowerets gay ;
 But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
 She kenned nae mair, nor open'd her e'e,
 Till wak'd by the hymns of a far countrie.

She woke on a couch of silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life ;
 And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer,
 " What spirit has brought this mortal here ? "

" Lang have I rang'd the world wide,"
 A meek and reverend fere replied ;
 " Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
 Eident a thousand years and mair.
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,

Wherever blooms feminitye ;
And sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, found I nane.
Never since the banquet of time
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonnie maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw ;
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye :
I have brought her away from the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist, and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheeks, and they kemmed her hair ;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, " Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here !
Women are freed of the littand scorn,
O blessed be the day Kilmeny was born !
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
Many lang year, in sorrow and pain,
Many lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair woman-kind,
For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the greenwood walks alone ;
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have been o'er them shed ;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen, we have seen ! but the time maun come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom !

" O would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep these holy truths in mind,

That kindred spirits their motions see,
 Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
 And grieve for the guilt of humanitye !
 O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
 And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !
 And dear to Heaven the words of truth
 And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth !
 And dear to the viewless forms of air,
 The mind that kythes as the body fair !

“ O, bonny Kilmeny ! free frae stain,
 If ever you seek the world again,
 That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,
 O tell of the joys that are waiting here ;
 And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;
 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be.”

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day ;
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ;
 The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and her beauty never might fade ;
 And they smil'd on Heaven, when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by.
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She ken'd not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn,—
 “ O blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ;

And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after, baith nicht and day,
When the sun and the world have fled away ;
When the sinner has gane to his waeosome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom ! ”

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below ;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight ;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they passed, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
A moment seen, in a moment gone.
Ah ! never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew,
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven ;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow.
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen,
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes :

She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light,
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view ;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun in a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by ;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had lakes and mountains grey ;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles.
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where shining lay
The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet grey ;
Which heaved and trembled and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung :
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again ;
In winding lake, and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave ;
She saw the corn wave on the vale ;
She saw the deer run down the dale ;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore,—
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on :

A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk ;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting e'e ;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedesman came,
And hundit the lion on his dame ;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower o' the world lay dead ;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain ;
Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girned amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again ;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear ;
And weening his head was danger preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf.
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away,
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain grey.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven,
But his mark was set and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew ;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw before her fair unsurled
One-half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.

She saw a people, fierce and fell,
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell ;
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew ;
 And she herkèd on her ravening crew,
 Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
 And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the
 seas.

The widows wailed, and the red blood ran,
 And she threatened an end to the race of man ;
 She never lened, nor stood in awe,
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
 Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,
 And brainzelled up a mortal strife ;
 But flew she north, or flew she south,
 She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
 The eagle sought her airy again ;
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
 Before she sey another flight,
 To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
 So far surpassing nature's law,
 The singers voice wad sink away,
 And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
 But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
 And all was love and harmony ;—
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
 Like flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her ain countrie,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen ;

To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers, in the greenwood wene.
When seven long years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee !
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there ;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seynar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keep afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring ;
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed, and kneeled ;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered beneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung

In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion !
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their boughs and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
The corby left her houf in the rock ;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the kid and the lamb and the leveret ran ;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their young ;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled—
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene ;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O ! the words that fell frae her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth !
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

The storm had ceased to shroud the hill ;
The morning's breath was pure and chill ;
And when the sun rose from the main,
No eye the glory could sustain.
The icicles so dazzling bright ;
The spreading wold so smooth and white ;
The cloudless sky, the air so sheen,
That roes on Pentland top were seen ;
And Grampian mountain, frowning high,
Seemed frozen mid the northern sky.
The frame was braced, the mind set free
To feats or brisk hilarity.

The sun far on his southern throne
Glowed in stern majesty alone ;
'Twas like the loved, the toilsome day,
That dawns on mountains west away,
When the furred Indian hunter hastens
Far up his Appalachian wastes,
To range the savage haunts, and dare
In his dark home the sullen bear.
And ere that noonday sun had shone
Right on the banks of Duddingston,
Heavens ! what a scene of noise and glee
And busy, brisk anxiety !
There age and youth their pastime take ;
The Highland chief, the Border knight,
In weaving plumes and baldrick bright,
Join in the bloodless, friendly war,
The sounding stone to hurl afar,
The hair-breadth aim, the plaudits due,

The rap, the shout, the ardour grew,
Till drowsy day her curtains drew.

When night her spangled flag unfurled
Wide o'er a wan and sheeted world,
In keen debate homeward they hie,
For well they knew the wake was nigh.

By mountain sheer, and column tall,
How solemn was that evening fall !
The air was calm, the stars were bright,
The hoar-frost flightered down the night ;
But oft the listening groups stood still,
For spirits talked along the hill.
The fairy tribes had gone to won
In southland climes beneath the sun ;
By shady woods and waters sheen,
And vales of everlasting green.

For all along, from cliff and tree,
On Arthur's hill, and Salisbury,
Came voices floating down the air
From viewless shades that lingered there ;
The words were fraught with mystery,
Voices of men they could not be.
Youths turned their faces to the sky
With beating hearts and beaded eye ;
Old chieftains walked with hastened tread,
Loath that their hearts should bow to dread ;
They feared the spirits of the hill
To sinful Scotland boded ill.

Orion up his baldrick drew,
The evening star was still in view ;

Scarce had the Pleiads cleared the main,
Or Charles re-yoked his golden wain,
When from the palace turrets rang
The bugle's note with warning clang ;
Each tower, each spire, in music spake,
" Haste, nobles, to Queen Mary's wake."

'Twas the last night of hope and fear
That bards could sing, or Sovereign hear ;
And just ere rose the Christmas sun,
The envied prize was lost or won.

The bard that night who foremost came
Was not enrolled, nor known his name ;
A youth he was of manly mould,
Gentle as lamb, as lion bold ;
But his fair face, and forehead high,
Glowed with intrusive modesty.

'Twas said by bank of southland stream
Glided his youth in soothing dream ;
The harp he loved ; and wont to stray
Far to the wilds and woods away,
And sing to brooks that gurgled by,
Of maiden's form, and maiden's eye :—
That when this dream of youth was past,
Deep in the shade his harp he cast ;
In busy life his cares beguiled ;
His heart was true, and fortune smiled.
But when the royal wake began,
Joyful he came, the foremost man,
To see the matchless bard approved,
And list the strains he once had loved.

Two nights had passed, the bards had sung,
Queen Mary's harp from ceiling hung,

On which was graved her lovely mold,
 Beset with crowns and flowers of gold ;
 And many a gem of dazzling dye
 Glowed on that prize to minstrel's eye.

The youth had heard each minstrel's strain,
 And fearing northern bard would gain,
 To try his youthful skill was moved,
 Not for himself, but friends he loved.

Mary Scott.

The Fourteenth Bard's Song.

LORD PRINGLE's steed neighs in the stall,
 His panoply is irksome grown,
 His plumed helm hangs in the hall,
 His broad claymore is berry brown.

No more his bugle's evening peal
 Bids vassal arm and yoeman ride,
 To drive the deer of Otterdale,
 Or foray on the border side.

Instead of whoop and battle knell,
 Of warrior's song, and revel free,
 Is heard the lute's voluptuous swell
 Within the halls of Torwoodlee.

Sick lies his heart without relief ;
 'Tis love that breeds the warrior's woe,
 For daughter of a froward chief,
 A freebooter, his mortal foe.

But O, that maiden's form of grace
And eye of love to him were dear ;
The smile that dimpled on her face
Was deadlier than the border spear.

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The war-flame glows on Ettrick Pen,
Bounds forth the foray swift as wind,
And Tushilaw and all his men
Have left their homes afar behind.

O lady, lady, learn thy creed,
And mark the watch-dog's boisterous din—
The Abbot comes with book and bead—
O haste, and let the father in.

And, lady, mark his locks so grey,
His beard so long, and colour wan ;
O, he has mourned for many a day,
And sorrow'd o'er the sins of man !

And yet so stately is his mien,
His step so firm, and breast so bold ;
His brawny leg and form, I ween,
Are wondrous for a man so old.

Short was his greeting, short and low,
His blessing short as prayer could be ;
But oft he sighed, and boded woe,
And spoke of sin and misery.

To shrift, to shrift, now ladies all,
Your prayers and Ave Marias learn ;
Haste, trembling, to the vesper hall,
For ah ! the priest is dark and stern.

Short was the task of lady old,
 Short as confession well could be ;
 The Abbot's orisons were cold,
 His absolutions frank and free.

Go, Mary Scott, thy spirit meek
 Lay open to the searcher's eye ;
 And let the tear bedew thy cheek,
 Thy sins are of a crimson dye.

For many a lover thou hast slain,
 And many yet lie sick for thee—
 Young Gilmanscleuch, and Deloraine,
 And Pringle, lord of Torwoodlee.

Tell every wish thy bosom near,
 No other sin, dear maid, hast thou ;
 And well the Abbot loves to hear
 Thy plights of love and simple vow.

“ Why stays my Mary Scott so long ?
 What guilt can youth and beauty wail ?
 Of fervent thought and passion strong,
 Heavens ! what a hideous, sickening tale.”

O lady, cease ; the maiden's mind,
 Though pure as morning's cloudless beam,
 A crime in every wish can find,
 In noontide glance, and midnight dream.

To woman's heart, when fair and free,
 Her sins seem great and manifold ;
 When sunk in guilt and misery
 No crime can then her soul behold.

'Tis sweet to see the opening flower
Spread its fair bosom to the sun ;
'Tis sweet to hear in vernal bower
The thrush's earliest hymn begun :

But sweeter far the prayer that wrings
The tear from maiden's beaming eye ;
And sweeter far the hymn she sings
In grateful, holy ecstasy.

The mass was said, but cold and dry,
That mass to heaven the father sent ;
With book, and bead, and rosary,
The Abbot to his chamber went.

The watch-dog rests with folded eye
Beneath the portal's gay festoon ;
The wildered Ettrick wanders by,
Loud murmuring to the careless moon.

The warder lists with hope and dread
For distant shout of fray begun ;
The cricket tunes his tiny reed,
And harps behind the embers dun.

Why does the warder bend his head,
And silent stand the casement near ?
The cricket stops his little reed,
The sound of gentle step to hear.

O, many a wight from border brake
Has reaved the drowsy warden round ;
And many a daughter lain awake
When parents trowed her sleeping sound.

The Abbot's bed is well downspread,
The Abbot's bed is soft and fair,
The Abbot's bed is cold as lead—
For why?—the Abbot is not there.

Was that the blast of bugle, borne
Far on the night-wind, wavering shrill?
'Tis nothing but the shepherd's horn,
That keeps the watch on Cacra hill.

What means the warder's answering note?
The moon is west, 'tis near the day;
I thought I heard the warriors' shout—
'Tis time the Abbot was away!

The bittern mounts the morning air,
And rings the sky with quavering croon;
The watch-dog sallies from his lair,
And bays the wind and setting moon.

'Tis not the breeze, nor bittern's wail,
Has roused the guarder from his den;
Along the bank, in belt and mail,
Come Tushilaw and all his men.

The Abbot from his casement saw
The forest chieftain's proud array;
He heard the voice of Tushilaw;
The Abbot's heart grew cold as clay!

"Haste, maidens, call my lady fair,
That room may for my warriors be;
And bid my daughter come and share
The cup of joy with them and me.

“ Say we have fought and won the fray,
Have lowered our haughty foeman's pride ;
And we have driven the richest prey
That ever lowed by Ettrick side.”

To hear a tale of vanquished foes,
His lady came right cheerfully ;
And Mary Scott, like morning rose,
Stood blushing at her father's knee,

Fast flowed the warrior's ruthless tale,
And aye the red cup passed between ;
But Mary Scott grew lily pale,
And trembled like the aspen green.

“ Now, lady, give me welcome cheer,
Queen of the border thou shalt be ;
For I have brought thee gold and gear,
And humbled haughty Torwoodlee,

“ I beat his yoemen in the glen ;
I loosed his horses from the stall ;
I slew the blood-hound in his den,
And sought the chief through tower and hall.

“ Go, maidens, every mat be spread
On heather haum or roeggrass heap ;
And make for me the scarlet bed,
For I have need of rest and sleep.”—

“ Nay, my good lord, make other choice,
In that you cannot rest to-day ;
For there in peaceful slumber lies
A holy Abbot, old and grey.”

The chieftain's cheek to crimson grew,
Dropt from his hand the rosy wine—
"An Abbot ! curse the canting crew !
An Abbot sleep in couch of mine !

"Now, lady, as my soul shall thrive,
I'd rather trust my child and thee
With my two greatest foes alive,
The King of Scots and Torwoodlee.

"Go, warriors, hale the villain forth,
Bring not his loathful form to me ;
The gate stands open to the north,
The rope hangs o'er the gallows-tree."

O Abbot, Abbot, say thy prayers,
With orisons load every breath ;
The forest trooper's on the stairs,
To drag thee to a shameful death.

Oh Abbot, Abbot, quit thy bed,
Ill-armed art thou to meet the strife ;
Haste, don thy beard, and quoif thy head,
And guard the door for death or life.

Thy arm is firm, thy heart is stout,
Yet thou canst neither fight nor flee ;
But beauty stands thy guard without,—
Yes, beauty weeps and pleads for thee.

Proud, ruthless man, by vengeance driven,
Regardless hears a brother plead ;
Regardless sees the brand of Heaven
Red quivering o'er his guilty head ;

But once let woman's soothing tongue
 Implore his help or clemency ;
Around him let her arms be flung,
 Or at his feet her bended knee—

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Stern Tushilaw is gone to sleep,
 Laughing at woman's dread of sin ;
But first he bade his warriors keep
 All robbers out, and abbots in.

The Abbot from his casement high
 Looked out to see the peep of day ;
The scene that met the Abbot's eye
 Filled him with wonder and dismay.

'Twas not the dews of dawning mild,
 The mountain's hues of silver grey,
Nor yet the Ettrick's windings wild
 By belted holm and bosky brae ;

Nor moorland Rankleburn that raved
 By covert, clough, and greenwood shaw,
Nor dappled flag of day, that waved
 In streamers pale from Gilmanslaw ;

But many a doubted ox there lay
 At rest upon the castle lea,
And there he saw his gallant grey,
 And all the steeds on Torwoodlee.

“ Beshrew the worst ! ” the Abbot said,
 “ The charge runs high for lodging here ;
The guard is deep, the path waylaid,
 My homilies shall cost me dear.

“ Come weal, come woe, with dauntless core
 I'll kneel, and con my breviary ;
 If Tushilaw is versed in lore,
 'Twill be an awkward game with me.”—

Now Tushilaw he waked and slept,
 And dreamed and thought till noontide hour ;
 But aye this query upmost kept,
 “ What seeks the Abbot in my tower ? ”

Stern Tushilaw came down the stair
 With doubtful and indignant eye,
 And found the holy man at prayer,
 With book, and cross, and rosary.

“ To book, to book, thou reaver red,
 Of absolution thou hast need ;
 The sword of Heaven hangs o'er thy head,
 Death is thy doom, and hell thy meed ! ”

“ I'll take my chance, thou priest of sin,
 Thy absolution I disdain ;
 But I will noose thy bearded chin,
 If thus thou look'st to me again.

“ Declare thy business and thy name,
 Or short the route to thee is given ! ”—
 “ The Abbot I of Coldingham,
 My errand is the cause of Heaven.”—

“ This shalt thou prove ere we two part ;
 Some robber thou or royal spy ;
 But, villain, I will search thy heart,
 And chain thee in the deep to lie.”

“ Oh ! lost to mercy, faith, and love !
 Thy bolts and chains are nought to me ;
 I'll call an angel from above,
 That soon will set the prisoner free.”—

Bold Tushilaw o'er strome and steep
 Pursues the roe and dusky deer ;
 The Abbot lies in dungeon deep,
 The maidens wail, the matrons fear.

The sweetest flower on Ettrick shaw
 Bends its fair form o'er grated keep ;
 Young Mary Scott of Tushilaw
 Sleeps but to sigh, and wakes to weep.

Bold Tushilaw, with horn and hound,
 Pursues the deer o'er holt and lea ;
 And rides and rules the Border round
 From Philiphaugh to Gilknockye.

His page rode down by Melrose fair,
 His page rode down by Coldingham ;
 But not a priest was missing there,
 Nor abbot, friar, or monk of name.

The evening came ; it was the last
 The Abbot in this world should see ;
 The bonds are firm, the bolts are fast,
 No angel comes to set him free.

Yes, at the stillest hour of night
 Softly unfolds the iron door :
 Beamed through the gloom unwonted light—
 That light a beauteous angel bore.

Fair was the fornⁱ that o'er him hung,
And fair the hands that set him free ;
The trembling whispers of her tongue
Softer than seraph's melody.

• • • •
Why walks young Mary Scott so late
In veil and cloak of cramasye ?
The porter opens wide the gate,
His bonnet moves, and bends the knee.

Long may the wondering porter wait,
Before the lady form return ;
" Speed, Abbot, speed, nor halt nor bait,
Nor look thou back to Rankleburn."

• • • •
The chieftain called his warriors stout,
And ranged them round the gallows tree,
Then bade them bring the Abbot out,
The fate of fraud that all might see.

The men return, of sense bereft,
Falter their tongues, their eyeballs glare ;
The door was locked, the fetters left—
All close ! the Abbot was not there.

• • • •
The wondering warriors bow to God,
And matins to the Virgin hum ;
But Tushilaw he gloomed and strode
And walked into the castle dumb.

• • • •
Lord Pringle walked his glens alone,
Nor flock nor lowing herd he saw ;
But even the king upon the throne
Quaked at the name of Tushilaw.

Lord Pringle's heart was all on flame,
Nor peace nor joy his bosom knew,
'Twas for the kindest, sweetest dame
That ever brushed the forest dew.

• • •

Why is the flower of yonder pile
Bending its stem to court decay,
And Mary Scott's benignant smile
Like sunbeam in a winter day ?

Sometimes her colour's like the rose,
Sometimes 'tis like the lily pale ;
The flower that in the forest grows
Is fallen before the summer gale.

A mother's fostering breast is warm,
And dark her doubts of love, I ween ;
For why ?—she felt its early harm,
A mother's eye is sharp and keen.

'Tis done ! the woman stands revealed !
Stern Tushilaw is waked to see ;
The bearded priest so well concealed
Was Pringle, Lord of Torwoodlee !

Oh, never was the thunder's jar,
The red tornado's wasting wing,
Nor all the elemental war,
Like fury of the Border King.

• • •

“ Thinks Tushilaw of maids or wives,
Or such a thing as Torwoodlee ?
Had Mary Scott a thousand lives,
These lives were all too few for me.”

“ Ere midnight in the secret cave,
This sword shall pierce her bosom's core,
Though I go childless to my grave,
And rue the deed for evermore.

“ O, had I lulled the imp to rest,
When first she lisped her name to me,
Or pierced her little guileless breast,
When smiling on her nurse's knee ! ”

“ What brings my lady mother here,
Pale as the morning shower and cold ?
In her dark eye why stands the tear ?
Why in her hand a cup of gold ? ”

“ My Mary, thou art ill at rest,
Fervid and feverish is thy blood ;
Still yearns o'er thee thy mother's breast,
Take this, my child, 'tis for thy good.” —

She took the cup—she drank it dry,
Then pillow'd soft her beauteous head,
And calmly watched her mother's eye ;
But O, that eye was hard to read !

Her moistened eyes, so mild and meek,
Soon sunk their auburn fringe beneath ;
The ringlets on her damask cheek
Heaved gentler with her stealing breath.

She turned her face unto the wall,
Her colour changed to pallid clay ;
Long ere the dews began to fall,
The flower of Ettrick lifeless lay.

Why underneath the winding-sheet
Does broidered silk her form enfold ?
Why are cold Mary's buskinèd feet
All laced with belts and bands of gold ?

“ What boots to me those robes so gay,
To wear them now no child have I :
They should have graced her bridal day,
Now they must in the churchyard lie !

“ I thought to see my daughter ride,
In golden gear and cramasye,
To Mary's fane, the loveliest bride
Ere to the Virgin bent the knee.

“ Now I may by her funeral wain
Ride silent o'er the mountain grey—
Her revel hall, the gloomy fane,
Her bridal bed, the cheerless clay.”

Why that rich snood with plume and lace
Round Mary's lifeless temples drawn ?
Why is the napkin o'er her face
A fragment of the lily lawn ?

“ My Mary has another home ;
And far, far though her journey be,
When she to Paradise shall come,
Then will my child remember me.”

• • • • •
Lord Pringle sat on Maygill brae,
Pondering on war and vengeance meet ;
The Cadan toiled in narrow way,
The Tweed rolled far beneath his feet.

Not Tweed, by gulf and whirlpool mazed,
Through dark wood glen, by him was seen ;
For still his thought-set eye was raised
To Ettrick mountains wild and green.

Sullen he sat, unstaid, unblest ;
He thought of battle, broil, and blood ;
He never crossed, he never wist,
Till by his side a palmer stood.

“ Haste, my good lord, this letter read,
Ill bodes it listless thus to be ;
Upon a die I've set my head,
And brought this letter far to thee.”

Lord Pringle looked the letter on,
His face grew pale as winter sky ;
But ere the half of it was done,
The tear of joy was in his eye.

A purse he to the Palmer threw,
Mounted the cleft of aged tree,
Three times aloud his bugle blew,
And hasted home to Torwoodlee.

• • • •
Far to the south it spread away,
Startled the hind by ford and tree,
And aye the watchword of the fray
Was “ Ride for Ker and Torwoodlee.”

When next the day began to fade
The warriors round their chieftain range ;
And many a solemn vow they made,
And many a vow of fell revenge.

The Pringles' plumes indignant dance—
It was a gallant sight to see ;
And many a Ker with sword and lance
Stood rank and file on Torwoodlee.

They hasted on by Plora side,
And north, above Mount Benger, turn,
And loathly forced with them to ride
Black Douglas of the Craigy-burn.

When they came nigh St. Mary's Lake
The day-sky glimmered on the dew ;
They hid their horses in the brake,
And lurked in heath and bracken clough.

That morning found rough Tushilaw
In all the father's guise appear ;
An end of all his hopes he saw
Shrouded in Mary's gilded bier.

No eye could trace without concern
The suffering warrior's troubled look ;
The throbs that heaved his bosom stern
No ear could bear, no heart could brook.

“ Woe be to thee, thou wicked dame !
My Mary's prayers and accents mild
Might well have rendered vengeance lame—
This hand could ne'er have slain my child.

“ But thou, in frenzied, fatal hour,
Reft the sweet life thou gavest away ;
And crushed to earth the fairest flower
That ever breathed the breeze of day,

“ My all is lost, my hope is fled,
The sword shall ne'er be drawn for me ;
Unblest, unhonoured, my grey head—
My child ! would I had died for thee ! ”

The bell tolls o'er a new-made grave ;
The lengthened funeral train is seen,
Stemming the Yarrow's silver wave,
And darkening Dryhope's holms so green.

When nigh the virgin's fane they drew,
Just by the verge of holy ground,
The Kers and Pringles left the clough,
And hemmed the wandering Scotts around.

Vassal and peasant, seized with dread,
Sped off, and looked not once behind ;
And all who came for wine and bread
Fled like the chaff before the wind.

But all the Scotts together flew,
For every Scott of name was there,
In sullen mood their weapons drew,
And back to back for fight prepare.

Rough was the onset—boast, nor threat,
Nor word was heard from friend or foe ;
At once began the work of fate
With perilous thrust and deadly blow.

Oh, but the Harden lads were true,
And bore them bravely in the broil ;
The doughty laird of wild Buccleuch
Raged like a lion in the toil.

• • • • •

Old Tushilaw, with sword in hand,
And heart to fiercest woes a prey,
Seemed courting every foeman's brand,
And fought in hottest of the fray.

When first the hostile band upsprung
The body in the church was laid,
Where vows were made and requiems sung,
By matron, monk, and weeping maid.

Lord Pringle came—before his eye
The monks and maidens kneeled in fear ;
But Lady Tushilaw stood by,
And pointed to her Mary's bier !

“ Thou lord of guile and malice keen,
What boots this doleful work to thee ?
Could Scotland such a pair have seen
As Mary Scott and Torwoodlee ? ”

Lord Pringle came—no word he spake,
Nor owned the pangs his bosom knew ;
But his full heart was like to break,
In every throb his bosom drew.

“ O, I had weened with fondest heart—
(Woe to the guileful friend who lied !)
This day should join us ne'er to part,
This day that I should win my bride !

“ But I will see that face so meek,
Cold, pale, and lifeless though it be ;
And I will kiss that comely cheek,
Once sweeter than the rose to me.”

With trembling hand he raised the lid ;
 Sweet was the perfume round that flew,
 For there were strewed the roses red,
 And every flower the forest knew.

• • • •
 And aye he prest the cheek so white,
 And aye he kissed the lip beloved,
 Till pitying maidens wept outright,
 And even the frigid monks were moved.

Why starts Lord Pringle to his knee ?
 Why bend his eyes with watchful strain ?
 The maidens shriek his mien to see,
 The startled priests inquire in vain.

Was that a sob, an earthly sigh,
 That heaved the flowers so lightly shed ?—
 'Twas but the wind that wandered by,
 And kissed the bosom of the dead !

Are these the glowing tints of life
 O'er Mary's cheek that come and fly ?
 Ah, no ! the red flowers round are rife,
 The rose-bud flings its softened dye.

Why grows the gazer's sight so dim ?
 Stay, dear illusion, still beguile !
 Thou art worth crowns and worlds to him—
 Last, dear illusion, last awhile.

• • • •
 'Tis past, and darkly stands revealed
 A mother's cares and purpose deep :
 That kiss, the last adieu that sealed,
 Waked Mary from her death-like sleep !

Slowly she raised her form of grace,
Her eyes no rays conception flung ;
And O, her mild, her languid face
Was like a flower too early sprung.

“O I lie sick and weary here,
My heart is bound in moveless chain ;
Another cup, my mother dear,
I cannot sleep, though I would fain.”

She drank the wine with calm delay,
She drank the wine with pause and sigh ;
Slowly, as wakes the dawning day,
Dawned long-lost thought in Mary’s eye ;

She looked at pall, she looked at bier,
At altar, shrine, and rosary ;
She saw her lady mother near,
And at her side brave Torwoodlee.

’Twas all a dream, nor boded good,
A phantom of her fevered brain ;
She laid her down in moaning mood
To sooth her woes in sleep again.

Need not to paint that joyful hour,
The nuptial vow, the bridal glee—
How Mary Scott, the forest flower,
Was borne a bride to Torwoodlee.

• • • • •
Diamond and ruby rayed her waist,
And twinkled round her brow so fair ;
She wore more gold upon her breast
Than would have bought the hills of Yair.

Old Tushilaw deignèd not to smile,
 No grateful word his tongue could say ;
 He took one kiss, blessed her the while,
 Wiped his dark eye, and turned away,

Lord Pringle's hills were stocked anew,
 Drove after drove came nightly free ;
 But many a border Baron knew
 Whence came the dower to Torwoodlee.

THE SEVENTEENTH BARD.

Forth stepped he with uncourtly bow ;
 The heron plume waved o'er his brow ;
 His garb was blent with varied shade,
 And round him hung his Highland plaid.
 But woe to Southland dame and knight,
 In minstrels' tale who took delight,
 Though known the air, the song he sung
 Was in the barbarous Highland tongue :
 But tartan'd chiefs in raptures hear
 The strains, the words to them so dear.

Thus ran the bold portentous lay,
 As near as Southron tongue can say.

The Abbot McKinnon.

The Seventeenth Bard's Song.

MCKINNON's tall mast salutes the day,
 And beckons the breeze in Iona bay ;
 Plays lightly up in the morning sky,
 And nods to the green wave rolling by ;

The anchor upheaves, the sails unsurl,
The pennons of silk in the breezes curl ;
But not one monk on holy ground
Knows whither the Abbot McKinnon is bound.

Well could that bark o'er the ocean glide,
Though monks and friars alone must guide,
For never man of other degree
On board that sacred ship might be.
On deck McKinnon walked soft and slow ;
The haulers sang from the gilded prow ;
The helmsmen turned his brow to the sky,
Upraised his cowl, and upraised his eye,
And away shot the bark on the wing of the wind,
Over billow and bay, like an image of mind.

Aloft on the turret the monks appear,
To see where the bark of their Abbot would bear ;
They saw her sweep from Iona bay,
And turn her prow to the north away,
Still lessen to view in the fairy screen,
And vanish amid the island green.
Then they turned their eyes to the female dome,
And thought of the nuns till the Abbot came
home.

Three times the night, with aspect dull,
Came stealing o'er the moors of Mull ;
Three times the sea-gull left the deep,
To dose on the knob of the dizzy steep,
By the sound of the ocean lull'd to sleep ;
And still the watch-lights sailors see
On the top of the spire, and the top of Dun-ye ;
And the laugh rings through the sacred dome,
For still the Abbot is not come home.

But the wolf that nightly swam the sound,
From Rosa's rude, impervious bound,
On the ravening, burrowing race to feed,
That loved to haunt the home of the dead :
To him Saint Columb had left in trust,
To guard the bones of the royal and just,
Of Saints and of Kings the sacred dust ;
The savage was scared from his charnel of death,
And swam to his home in hunger and wrath,
For he momently saw through the night so dun
The cowering monk, and the veiled nun,
Whispering, sighing, and stealing away
By cross dark valley and portal grey.
O ! wise was the founder, and well said he,
" Where there are women, mischief must be."

No more the watch-fires gleam to the blast,
McKinnon and friends arrive at last.
A stranger youth to the isle they brought,
Modest of mien and deep of thought,
In costly sacred robes bedight,
And he lodged with the Abbot by day and by night.

When arm in arm they walked the isle,
Young friars would beckon, and monks would smile ;
But sires in dread of sins unshriven
Would shake their heads and look up to Heaven,
Afraid the form of the saint to see,
Who reared their temple amid the sea,
And pledged his soul to guard the dome
Till virtue should fly her western home.
But now a stranger of hidden degree,
Too fair, too gentle a man to be—
This stranger of beauty and steps so light

Abode with the Abbot by day and by night.

The months and the days flew lightly by,
The monks were kind and the nuns were shy,
But the grey-haired sires, in trembling mood,
Kneeled at the altar and kissed the rood.

McKinnon he dreamed that the saint of the isle
Stood by his side, and with courteous smile,
Bade him arise from his guilty sleep,
And pay his respects to the god of the deep,
In temple that north in the main appeared,
Which fire from bowels of ocean had seared,
Which the giant builders of heaven had reared,
To rival in grandeur the stately pile
Himself had upreared in Iona's isle ;
For round them rose the mountains of sand,
The fishes had left the coasts of the land,
And so high ran the waves of the angry sea,
They had drizzled the cross on the top of Dun-ye.
The cycle was closed, and the period run
He had vowed to the sea, he had vowed to the sun,
If in that time rose trouble or pain,
Their homage to pay to the god of the main.
Then he bade him haste and the rites prepare,
Named all the monks should with him fare,
And promised again to see him there.

McKinnon awoke from his vision'd sleep,
He opened his casement and looked on the deep ;
He looked to the mountains, he looked to the shore,
The vision amazed him and troubled him sore,
He never had heard of the rite before ;
But all was so plain, he thought meet to obey,
He dared not decline, and he would not delay.

Uprose the Abbot, uprose the morn,
Uprose the sun from the Bens of Lorn ;
And the bark her course to the northward framed,
With all on board whom the saint had named.

The clouds were journeying east the sky,
The wind was low, and the swell was high,
And the glossy sea was heaving bright,
Like ridges and hills of liquid light ;
While far on her lubrick bosom were seen
The magic dyes of purple and green.

How joyed the bark her sides to lave !
She leaned to the lee and she girdled the wave ;
Aloft on the stayless verge she hung,
Light on the steep wave veered and swung,
And the crests of the billows before her flung.
Loud murmured the ocean with downward growl,
The seal swam aloof, and the dark sea-fowl ;
The pie-duck sought the breast of the main,
And rose in the wheel of her wake again ;
And behind her, far to the southward, shone
A pathway of snow on the waste alone.

But now the dreadful strand they gain,
Where rose the sacred dome of the main ;
Oft had they seen the place before,
And kept aloof from the dismal shore.
But now it rose before their prow,
And what they beheld they did not know.
The tall grey forms, in close-set file,
Upholding the roof of that holy pile ;
The sheets of foam and the clouds of spray,
And the groans that rushed from the portals grey,
Appalled their hearts and drove them away.

They wheeled their bark to the east around,
And moored in basin, by rocks inbound ;
Then, awed to silence, they trode the strand,
Where furnaced pillars in order stand,
All formed of the liquid burning levin,
All bent like the bow that spans the heaven,
Or upright ranged in horrid array,
With purfle of green o'er the darksome grey.

Their path was on wondrous pavement of old,
Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,
Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand,
With countermure guarded by sea and by land.
The watcher Bushella frowned over their way,
Enrobed in the sea-breeze, and hooded with grey,
The warder that stands by that dome of the deep,
With spray-shower and rainbow the entrance to keep.
And when they drew nigh to the chancel of ocean,
And saw her waves rush to their raving devotion,
Astounded and awed to the antes they clung,
And listened the hymns in her temple she sung.
The song of the cliff, when the winter winds blow,
The thunder of heaven, the earthquake below,
Conjoined, like the voice of a maiden would be,
Compared with the anthem there sung by the sea.

The solemn rows in that darksome den
Were dimly seen like the forms of men,
Like giant monks in ages agone,
Whom the god of the ocean had seared to stonc,
And bound in his temple for ever to lean
In sackcloth of grey and visors of green ;
An everlasting worship to keep,
And the big, salt tears eternally weep.

On angel pavement each bent his knee,
And sung this hymn to the god of the sea.

THE MONKS' HYMN.

THOU, who makest the ocean to flow,
Thou, who makest the channels below,
To thee, to thee, this incense we heap,
Thou, who knowest not slumber nor sleep.
Great spirit, that mov'st on the face of the deep !
To thee, to thee, we sing to thee,
God of the western wind, god of the sea !

To thee, to thee, this wine we pour,
God of the western wind, god of the shower !

We pour this oil and this wine to thee,
God of the western wind, god of the sea !
“Greater yet must the offering be.”

The monks gazed round, the Abbot grew wan,
For the closing notes were not sung by man ;
They came from the rock, or they came from the air,
From voice they knew not, and knew not where ;
But it sung with a mournful melody,
“Greater yet must the offering be.”

In holy dread they passed away,
And they walked the ridge of that isle so grey,
And saw the white waves toil and fret,
An hundred fathoms below their feet.
They looked to the countless isles that lie
From Barra to Mull, and from Jura to Skye ;
They looked to heaven, they looked to the main,

They looked at all with a silent pain,
As on places they were not to see again.

A little bay lies hid from sight,
O'erhung by cliffs of dreadful height ;
When they drew near that irony steep,
They heard a voice rise from the deep ;
And that voice was sweet as voice could be,
And they found it came from the maid of the sea.

McKinnon lay stretched on the verge of the hill,
And peeped from the height on the bay so still ;
And he saw her sit on a weedy stone,
Laving her fair breast and singing alone ;
And aye she sank the wave within,
Till it gurgled around her lovely chin,
Then combed her locks of the pale sea-green,
And aye this song was heard between.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

MATILDA of Skye
Alone may lie,
And list to the wind that whistles by ;
Sad may she be,
For deep in the sea,
Deep, deep, deep in the sea,
This night her lover shall sleep with me.
She may turn and hide
From the spirits that glide,
And the ghost that stands at her bedside ;
But never a kiss the vow shall seal,
Nor warm embrace her bosom feel ;
For far, far down in the floors below,
Moist as the rock-weed, cold as the snow,

With the eel and the clam, and the pearl of the deep,
 On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep ;
 And long and sound shall his slumber be,
 In the coral bowers of the deep with me.

The trembling sun far, far away,
 Shall pour on his couch a softened ray,
 And his mantle shall wave in the flowing tide,
 And the little fishes shall turn aside ;
 But the waves and the tides of the sea shall cease,
 Ere wakes her love from his bed of peace.
 No home !—no kiss !—No, never ! never !
 His couch is spread for ever and ever.

The Abbot arose in dumb dismay,
 They turned and fled from the height away,
 For dark and portentous was the day.
 When they came in view of their rocking sail,
 They saw an old man who sat on the wale ;*
 His beard was long, and silver grey,
 Like the rime that falls at the break of day ;
 His locks like wool, and his colour wan—
 He scarcely looked like an earthly man.

They asked his errand, they asked his name,
 Whereunto bound, and whence he came ;
 But a sullen, thoughtful silence he kept,
 And turned his face to the sea and wept.
 Some gave him welcome, and some gave him scorn,
 But the abbot stood pale with terror o'erborne ;
 He tried to be jocund, but trembled the more,
 For he thought he had seen the face before.

* Wale is a Hebridean word, signifying the verge or brim of the mountain.

Away went the ship with her canvas all spread,
So glad to escape from that island of dread ;
And skimmed the blue wave like a streamer of light,
Till fell the dim veil 'twixt the day and the night.

Then the old man arose and stood up on the prow,
And fixed his dim eyes on the ocean below,
And they heard him saying, " Ah, woe is me !
But great as the sin must the sacrifice be."
Oh, mild was his eye, and his manner sublime, [time.]
When he looked unto Heaven, and said—" Now is the
He looked to the weather, he looked to the lee,
He looked as for something he dreaded to see,
Then stretched his pale hand, and pointed his eye
To a gleam on the verge of the eastern sky.

The monks soon beheld on the lofty Ben More
A sight which they never had seen before ;
A belt of blue lightning around it was driven,
And its crown was encircled by morion of heaven ;
And they heard a herald that loud did cry,
" Prepare the way for the Abbot of I."

Then a sound arose, they knew not where,
It came from the sea, or it came from the air,
'Twas louder than tempest that ever blew,
And the sea-fowls screamed and in terror flew.
Some ran to the cords, some kneeled at the shrine,
But all the wild elements seemed to combine ;
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean !

This moment she sailed all stately and fair,
The next nor ship, nor shadow was there,

But a boil that arose from the deep below,
A mountain, gurgling column of snow.
It sunk away with a murmuring moan :
The sea is calm, and the sinners are gone.

CONCLUSION.

QUEEN MARY's harp on high that hung,
And every tone responsive rung.
With gems of gold, that dazzling shone,
That harp is to the Highlands gone ;
Gardyn is crowned with garlands gay,
And bears the envied prize away.
Long, long that harp the hills among,
Resounded Ossian's warrior song ;
Waked slumbering lyres from every tree,
Adown the banks of Don and Dee ;
At length was borne by beauteous bride
To woo the airs on Garry side.

When full two hundred years had fled,
And all the northern bards were dead,
That costly harp of wondrous mould,
Defaced of all its gems and gold,
With that which Gardyn erst did play,
Back to Dunedin found its way.

As Mary's hand the victor crowned,
And twined the wreath his temples round,
Loud were the shouts of Highland chief—
The Lowlanders were dumb with grief ;
And the poor Bard of Ettrick stood
Like statue pale, in moveless mood ;
Like ghost, which oft his eyes had seen
At gloamin' in his glens so green.

Queen Mary saw the minstrel's pain,
And bade from bootless grief refrain.

She said a boon to him should fall,
Worth all the harps in royal hall ;
Of Scottish song a countless store,
Precious remains of minstrel lore,
And cottage, by a silver rill,
Should all reward his rustic skill :
Did other gifts his bosom claim,
He needed but that gift to name.

“ O my fair Queen,” the minstrel said,
With faltering voice and hanging head,
“ Your cottage keep, and minstrel lore—
Grant me a harp, I ask no more.
From thy own hand a lyre I crave ;
That boon alone my heart can save.”

“ Well hast thou asked ; and be it known,
I have a harp of old renown,
Hath many an ardent wight beguiled ;
’Twas framed by wizard of the wild,
And will not yield one measure bland
Beneath a skilless stranger hand ;
But once her powers by progress found,
O, there is magic in the sound !

“ When worldly woes oppress thy heart,
And thou and all must share a part—
Should scorn be cast from maiden’s eye,
Should friendship fail, or fortune fly ;
Steal with thy harp to lonely brake,
Her wild, her soothing numbers wake,

And soon corroding cares shall cease,
 And passion's host be lulled to peace ;
 Angels a gilded screen shall cast,
 That cheers the future, veils the past.

“ That harp will make the elves of eve
 Their dwelling in the moonbeam leave,
 And ope thine eyes by haunted tree,
 Their glittering tiny forms to see.
 The flitting shades that woo the glen
 'Twill shape to forms of living men,—
 To forms on earth no more you see,
 Who once were loved, and aye will be ;
 And holiest converse you may prove
 Of things below and things above.”

“ That is, that is the harp for me ! ”
 Said the rapt bard in ecstasy ;
 “ This soothing, this exhaustless store,
 Grant me, my Queen—I ask no more.”

O, when the weeping minstrel laid
 The relic in his old grey plaid,
 When Holyrood he left behind
 To gain his hills of mist and wind,
 Never was hero of renown,
 Or monarch prouder of his crown.
 He tript the vale, he climbed the coomb,
 The mountain breeze began to boom ;
 Aye when the magic chords it rung,
 He raised his voice and blithely sung ;
 “ Hush, my wild harp ! thy notes forbear ;
 No blooming maids nor elves are here ;
 Forbear a while that witching tone,
 Thou must not, canst not sing alone.

When summer flings her watchet screen
At eve o'er Ettrick woods so green,
Thy notes shall many a heart beguile ;
Young Beauty's eye shall o'er thee smile,
And fairies trip it merrily
Around my royal harp and me."

Long has that harp of magic tone
To all the minstrel world been known.
Who has not heard her witching lays
Of Ettrick bank and Yarrow braes ?
But that sweet bard who sung and played
Of many afeat and Border raid,
Of many a knight and lovely maid,
When forced to leave his harp behind
Did all her tuneful chords unwind ;
And many ages passed and came
Ere man so well could tune the same.

Bangour the daring task essayed—
Not half the chords his fingers played ;
Yet even then some thrilling lays
Bespoke the harp of ancient days.

Redoubted Ramsay's peasant skill
Flung some strained notes along the hill ;
His was some lyre from lady's hall,
And not the mountain harp at all.

Langhorn arrived from Southern dale,
And chimed his notes on Yarrow vale ;
They would not, could not, touch the heart—
His was the moodish lyre of art.

Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand :
Then Leyden came from Border land,

With dauntless heart and ardour high,
And wild impatience in his eye.
Though false his tones at times might be,
Though wild notes marred the symphony,
Between, the glowing measure stole,
That spoke the bard's inspired soul.
Sad were those strains, when hymned afar,
On the green vales of Malabar.
O'er seas beneath the golden morn,
They travelled on the monsoon borne,
Thrilling the heart of Indian maid,
Beneath the wild banana's shade.—
Leyden ! a shepherd wails thy fate,
And Scotland knows her loss too late.

The day arrived—blest be the day,
Walter the Abbot came that way !—
The sacred relic met his view—
Ah ! well the pledge of Heaven he knew !
He screwed the chords, he tried a strain ;
'Twas wild—he tuned and tried again,
Then poured the numbers bold and free,
The ancient magic melody.

The land was charmed to list his lays ;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away,
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen,
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye !
He told me where the relic lay ;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill ;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy ;
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

O could the bard I loved so long,
Reprove my fond aspiring song ?
Or could his tongue of candour say,
That I should throw my harp away ?
Just when her notes began with skill
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore ?
'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame ;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own !

Now, my loved harp, a while farewell !
I leave thee on the old grey thorn ;
The evening dews will mar thy swell,
That waked to joy the cheerful morn.

Farewell, sweet soother of my woe !
Chill blows the blast around my head ;
And louder yet that blast may blow,
When down this weary vale I've sped.

The wreath lies on St. Mary's shore ;
The mountain sounds are harsh and loud ;
The lofty brows of stern Clokmore
Are visored with the moving cloud.

But winter's deadly hues shall fade
 On moorland bald and mountain shaw,*
 And soon the rainbow's lovely shade
 Sleeps on the breast of Bowerhope Law.

Then will the glowing suns of Spring,
 The genial shower, and stealing dew,
 Wake every forest bird to sing,
 And every mountain flower renew.

But not the rainbow's ample ring,
 That spans the glen and mountain grey,
 Though fanned by western breezes' wing,
 And sunned by summer's glowing ray,

To man decayed, can evermore
 Renew the age of love and glee !
 Can ever second spring restore
 To my old mountain harp and me !

But when the hue of softened green
 Spreads over hill and lonely lea,
 And lowly primrose opes unseen
 Her virgin bosom to the bee ;

When hawthorns breathe their odours far,
 And carols hail the year's return ;
 And daisy spreads her silver star
 Unheeded by the mountain burn ;

Then will I seek the aged thorn,
 The haunted wild and fairy ring,
 Where oft thy erring numbers borne
 Have taught the wandering winds to sing.

* Shaw is brow of the hill.



THE MOUNTAIN BARD.

GILMANSCLEUCH.

(Founded on an ancient Family Tradition.)

“ WHAR hae ye laid the gowd, Peggy,
Ye gat on New Year’s day ?
I lookit ilka day to see
Ye drest in fine array ;

“ But neither kirtle, cap, nor gown
To Peggy has come hame :
Whar hae ye stowed the gowd, dochter ?
I fear ye hae been to blame.”

“ My gowd it was my ain, father ;
A gift is ever free ;
And when I need my gowd again,
It winna be tint to me.”

“ Oh, hae ye sent it to a friend,
Or lent it to a fae ?
Or gi’en it to some fause leman,
To breed ye mickle wae ? ”

“ I hae na sent it to a friend,
Nor lent it to a fae ;
And never man without your ken
Sal cause me joy or wae.

“ I gae it to a poor auld man,
Cam’ shivering to the door ;
And when I heard his waesome tale
I wish’d my treasure more.”

“ What was the beggar’s tale, Peggy ?
I fain wad hear it o’er ;
I fain wad hear that wylie tale
That drained thy little store.”

“ His hair was like the thistle-down,
His cheeks were furred wi’ time,
His beard was like a bush o’ lyng,
When silver’d o’er wi’ rime.

“ He lifted up his languid eye,
Which better days had seen ;
And aye he heaved the mournfu’ sigh,
And the saut tears fell atween.

“ He took me by the hands, and said,
While pleasantly he smiled,
‘Oh, weel to you, my little flower,
That blooms in desert wild.

“ ‘ And may you never feel the waes
That lang hae follow’d me,
Bereav’d o’ a’ my gudes and gear,
My friends and family !

“ ‘ In Gilmanscleuch, beneath the heugh,
My fathers long did dwell,
Aye foremost, under bold Buccleuch,
A foreign foe to quell.

“ ‘ Ilk petty robber through the land
They taught to stand in awe,
And often checked the plundering bands
Of their kinsman, Tushilaw.

“ ‘ But when the bush was in the flush,
And fairer there was nane,
A blast did all its honours crush,
And Gilmanscleuch is gane !

“ ‘ I had a brother, lithe and strong,
But foward, fierce, and keen ;
One only sister, sweet and young,
Her name was lovely Jean.

“ ‘ Her hair was like the threads o’ gowd,
Her cheeks of rosy hue,
Her e’en were like the hunting hawk’s
That ower the castle flew.

“ ‘ Of fairest fashion was her form,
Her skin the driven snaw
That’s drifted by the wintry storm
On lofty Gilmans-law ;

“ ‘ Her brow nae blink of scorning wore,
Her teeth were ivory,
Her lips the little purple flower
That blooms on Bailey-lee.

“ ‘ Oh true, true was the reade that said
That beauty’s but a snare :
Young Jock o’ Harden her betrayed,
Which grieved us wonder sair.

“ ‘ My brother Adam stormed in wrath,
And swore in angry mood
Either to right his dear sister,
Or shed the traitor’s blood.

“ ‘ When June had decked the braes in green,
And flush’d the forest tree ;
When young deers ran on ilka hill,
And lambs on ilka lee ;

“ ‘ A shepherd frae our mountains hied,
An ill death mot he die !
“ O master, master, haste ! ” he cried,
O haste along wi’ me !

“ Our ewes are banished frae the glen,
Our lambs are driven away,
The fairest ewes on Eldin braes
Are Jock o’ Harden’s prey.

“ His hounds are ringing through your woods,
And many deer are slain ;
Ane herd is fled to Douglas Burn,
And ne’er will turn again.

“ Your brother Adam, stalworth still,
I warned on yon hill-side ;
And he’s awa to Yarrow’s banks
As fast as he can ride.”

“ ‘Oh ill betide thy haste, young man !
Thou might hae tauld it me ;
Thou kenned to hunt on all my lands
The Harden lads were free.

“ ‘Gae saddle me my milk-white steed,
Gae saddle him suddenly ;
To Yarrow banks I’ll hie wi’ speed,
This bauld hunter to see !

“ ‘But low, low doon, on Sundhope broom,
My brother Harden spied,
And with a stern and furious look
He up to him did ride.

“ ‘Wast not enough, thou traitor strong,
My sister to betray ?
That thou shouldst scare my feeble ewes,
And chase their lambs away ?

“ ‘Thy hounds are ringing through our woods,
Our choicest deer are slain,
And hundreds fled to Stuart’s hills
Will ne’er return again.’

“ ‘It sets thee weel, thou haughty youth,
To bend such taunts on me ;
Oft here you hunted Harden’s woods,
And nae man hindered thee.’

“ ‘But wilt thou wed my dear sister ?
Now tell me—ay or nay.’
‘Nae question will I answer thee,
That’s speer’t in sic a way.

“ ‘Tak’ this for truth, I ne’er meant ill
To neither thee nor thine,’
Then spurred his steed against the hill,
Was fleeter than the hynd.

“ ‘He’s set a buglet to his mouth,
And blew baith loud and clear
A sign to all his merry men,
Their huntin’ to forbear.

“ ‘O turn thee, turn thee, traitor strong,’
Cried Adam bitterly ;
‘Nae haughty Scott, of Harden’s kin,
Sal proudly scowl on me.

“ ‘Now draw thy sword, or gi’e thy word,
For ane of them I’ll have,
Or to thy face I’ll thee disgrace
And ca’ thee coward knave.’

“ ‘He sprang frae aff his coal-black steed
And tied him to a wand ;
Then threw his bonnet off his head,
And drew his deadly brand.

“ ‘And lang they fought, and sair they fought,
Wi’ swords of metal keen,
Till clotted bluid on many a spot
Was sprinkled on the green.

“ ‘And lang they fought, and sair they fought,
For braver there were nane ;
Brave Adam’s thigh was bath’d in bluid,
And Harden’s collar-bane.

“ ‘ Though Adam was baith stark and gude,
 Nae langer could he stand ;
 His hands clave to his heavy sword,
 His knees plait like the wand.

“ ‘ He lean’d himsel’ against an aik,
 Nae mair could act his part ;
 A woodman then sprang frae the broom
 And pierced young Harden’s heart.

“ ‘ But word or groan he wheel’d him round
 And clave his head in twain,
 Then calmly laid him on the grass,
 Never to rise again.

“ ‘ I rode o’er height, I rode through howe,
 And far outstrip the wind,
 And sent my voice the forest through,
 But naething could I find.

“ ‘ When I came there, the dismal sight
 Might melt a heart of stane :
 My brother faint and bleeding lay,
 Young Harden nearly gane.

“ ‘ And art thou there, O Gilmanscleuch ? ”
 Wi’ faltering tongue he cried ;
 ‘ Hadst thou arrivèd time enough,
 Thy kinsman had not died.

“ ‘ Be kind unto thy sister Jean
 Whatever may betide :
 This night I meant at Gilmanscleuch
 To make of her my bride.

““ But this sad fray, this fatal day,
May breed baith dule and pain ;
My freckle brethren ne'er will stay
Till they're aveng'd or slain.'

““ The woodman sleeps in Sundhope broom
Into a lowly grave ;
Young Jock they bare to Harden's tomb,
And laid him wi' the lave.

““ It's now full three and thretty years
Sin' that unhappy day,
And late I saw his comely corpse
Without the least decay.

““ The garland cross his breast abune
Still held its varied hue ;
The roses bloomed upon his shoon
As fair as if they grew.

““ I raised our vassals ane an' a'
Wi' mickle care and pain,
Expecting Harden's furious sons
Wi' a' their father's train.

““ But Harden was a weirdly man,
A cunning tod was he ;
He locked his sons in prison strong,
And wi' him bore the key.

““ And he's awa to Holyrood,
Amang our nobles a',
With bonnet like a girdle braid,
And hair like Craighope snaw.

“ His coat was of the forest green,
Wi’ buttons like the moon ;
His breeks were of the gude buckskin,
Wi’ a the hair aboon ;

“ His twa-hand sword hung round his neck,
And rattled at his heel ;
The rowels of his silver spurs
Were of the Ripon steel.

“ His hose were braced wi’ chains o’ iron,
And round wi’ tassels hung ;
At ilka tramp o’ Harden’s heel
The royal arches rung.

“ Sae breid and buirdly was his bouk,
His glance sae gruff to bide,
Whene’er his braid bonnet appear’d
The menials stepp’d aside.

“ The courtly nobles of the north,
The chief with favour eyed,
For Harden’s form and Harden’s look
Were hard to be denied.

“ He made his plaint unto our king,
And magnified the deed ;
And high Buccleuch, with scarce fair play,
Made Harden better speed.

“ A grant of all our lands sae fair
The king to him has gi’en,
And a’ the Scotts o’ Gilmanscleuch,
Were outlawed ilka ane.

“ ‘The time I miss’d, and never wist
 Of siccán a weird for me
Till I got word frae kind Traquair,
 The country soon to flee;

“ ‘Else me and mine nae friend wad find,
 But fa’ an easy prey,
While yet my brother weakly was,
 And scarce could bruik the way.

“ ‘Now, I hae fought on foreign fields,
 In many a bluidy fray,
But langed to see my native hills
 Before my dying day.

“ ‘My brother fell in Hungary,
 When fighting by my side ;
My luckless sister bore a son,
 But broke her heart and died.

“ ‘That son, now a’ my earthly care,
 Of port and stature fine,
He has thine eye, and is thy blude,
 As weel as he is mine.

“ ‘For me, I’m but a puir auld man,
 Whom nane regards ava’;
The peaceful grave will end my care,
 Where I maun shortly fa.’

“ I gae him a’ my gowd, father,
 I got on New Year’s day,
And welcomed him to Harden Ha’,
 With us a while to stay.”

“ My sweet Peggy, my kind Peggy,
 Ye aye were dear to me ;
 For ilka bonnet-piece ye ga’e,
 My love, ye sall hae three.

“ Auld Gilmanscleuch shall share wi’ me
 The table and the ha’ ;
 We’ll tell of a’ our doughty deeds,
 At hame and far awa’.

“ That youth, my hapless brother’s son,
 Who bears our eye and name,
 Shall farm the lands of Gilmanscleuch,
 While Harden holds the same.

“ Nae rent, nor kaine, nor service mean
 I’ll ask of him at a’,
 Only to stand at my right hand
 When Branxholm gi’es the ca’.

“ A Scott must aye support a Scott,
 When as he sinketh low ;
 But he that proudly lifts his head,
 Must learn his place to know.”

LORD DERWENT.

A FRAGMENT.

“ O WHY look ye so pale, my lord ?
 And why look ye so wan,
 And why stand mounted at your gate
 So early in the dawn ? ”

“ O well may I look pale, ladye,
For how can I look gay,
When I have fought the live-long night,
And fled at break of day ? ”

“ And is the Border troop arrived ?
And have they won the day ?
It must have been a bloody field,
Ere Derwent fled away.

“ But where got ye that stately steed,
So stable and so good ?
And where got ye that gilded sword,
So dyed with purple blood ? ”

“ I got that sword in bloody fray,
Last night on Eden downe ;
I got the horse and harness too,
Where mortal ne'er got one.”

“ Alight, alight, my noble lord ;
God mot you save and see ;
For never till this hour was I
Afraid to look on thee.”

He turned him to the glowing east
That stained both tower and tree :
“ Prepare, prepare, my lady fair,
Prepare to go with me.

“ Before this dawning day shall close
A deed shall here be done,
That men unborn shall shrink to hear,
And dames the tale shall shun.

“ The morning blushes to the chin,
The foul intent to see ;
Prepare, prepare, my lady fair,
Prepare to follow me.”

“ Alright, alright, my noble lord,
I'll live or die with thee ;
I see a wound deep in your side,
And hence you cannot flee.”

She looked out o'er her left shoulder
To list a heavy groan ;
But when she turned her round again,
Her noble lord was gone.

She looked to east, and west, and south,
And all around the tower,
Through house and hall ; but man nor horse
She never could see more.

She looked her round and round about,
All in a doleful state ;
And there she saw her little foot-page
Alighting at the gate.

“ Oh ! open, open, noble dame,
And let your servant in ;
Our furious foes are hard at hand,
The castle fair to win.”

“ But tell me, billy, where's my lord ?
Or whether is he bound ?
He's gone just now, and in his side
A deep and deadly wound.”

“ Why do you rave, my noble dame,
And look so wild on me?
Your lord lies on the bloody field,
And him you'll never see.

“ With Scottish Jardine, hand to hand,
He fought most valiantlye,
Put him to flight, and broke his men,
With shouts of victory.

“ But Maxwell, rallying, wheeled about,
And charged as fierce as hell ;
Yet ne'er could pierce the English troops
Till my brave master fell.

“ Then all was gone ; the ruffian Scott
Bore down our flying band ;
And now they waste with fire and sword
The Links of Cumberland.

“ Lord Maxwell's gone to Carlisle town
With Jardine hastilye,
And young Kilpatrick and Glencairn
Are come in search of thee.”

“ How dare you lie, my little page,
Whom I pay meat and fee ?
The cock has never crowed but once
Since Derwent was with me.

“ The bird that sits on yonder bush,
And sings so loud and clear,
Has only three times changed his note
Since my good lord was here.”

“ Whoe'er it was, whate'er it was,
I'm sure it was not he ;
I saw him dead on Eden plain,
I saw him with my e'e.

“ I saw him stand against an host,
While heaps before him fell :
I saw them pierce his manly side,
And bring the last farewell.

“ ‘ O run,’ he cried, ‘ to my ladye,
And bear the fray before ;
Tell her I died for England's right,’—
Then words spake never more.

“ Come let us fly to Westmoreland,
For here you cannot stay ;
Short be thy shrist, our steeds are swift,
And well I know the way.”

“ I will not fly, I cannot fly :
My heart is wonder sore ;
My brain it turns, my blood it burns,
And I dare not look before.”

She turned her eye to Borrowdale ;
Her heart grew chill with dread ;—
For there she saw the Scottish bands,
Kilpatrick at their head.

Red blazed the beacon of Pownell,
On Skiddaw there were three ;
The warder's horn o'er muir and fell
Was heard continually.

Dark grew the sky, the wind was still,
 The sun in blood arose ;
 But oh ! how many a gallant man
 Ne'er saw that evening close !

SIR DAVID GRAEME.

THE dow* flew east, the dow flew west,
 The dow flew far ayont the fell ;
 An' sair at e'en she seemed distrest,
 But what perplexed her could not tell.

But aye she coo'd wi' mournfu' croon,
 An' ruffled a' her feathers fair ;
 And lookit sad as she war boun'
 To leave the land for evermair.

The lady wept, and scme did blame,—
 She didna blame the bonnie dow,
 But sair she blamed Sir David Graeme,
 Because the knight had broke his vow.

For he had sworn by the stars sae bright,
 And by their bed on the dewy green,
 To meet her there on St. Lambert's night,
 Whatever dangers lay between ;

To risk his fortune an' his life
 In bearing her frae her father's towers ;
 To gi'e her a' the lands of Dryfe,
 An' the Enzie-holm wi' its bonnie bowers.

* Dove.

The day arrived, the evening came,
The lady look'd wi' wistfu' e'e ;
But, O, alas ! her noble Graeme
Frae e'en to morn she didna see.

The sun had drunk frae Keilder fell
His beverage o' the mornin' dew ;
The deer had crouched her in the dell,
The heather ope'd its bells o' blue.

“Where hae ye been, my bonnie dow,
That I hae fed wi' the bread an' wine ?
As roving a' the country through,
O, saw ye this fause knight o' mine ?”

The dow sat doon on the window tree,
An' she carried a lock o' gowden hair ;
And she perched upon the lady's knee,
An' carefully she placed it there.

“What can this be ? This lock's the same
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,
This lock I gae to Sir David Graeme,
The flower o' a' the Border side.”

The dow flew east, the dow flew west,
The dow flew far ayont the fell,
An' back she came, wi' panting breast,
Ere the ringing o' the castle bell.

She lighted on the holly-tap,
An' she cried “cur-doo,” and flutter'd her wing ;
Then flew into that lady's lap,
An' there she placed a diamond ring.

“What can this mean ? This ring’s the same:
 That aince was mine. Whate’er betide,
 This ring I gae to Sir David Graeme,
 The flower o’ a’ the Border side.

“He sends me back the love-tokens true !
 Was ever poor maiden perplexed like me ?
 ’Twould seem he’s reclaimed his faith an’ his vow,
 But all is fauldit in mystery.”

An’ she has sat her down an’ grat,
 The world to her a desert seemed ;
 An’ she wyted this an’ she wyted that,
 But o’ the real cause never dreamed.

When lo ! Sir David’s trusty hound,
 Wi’ humpling back, an’ a waefu’ e’e,
 Came cringing in an’ lookit around,
 But his look was hopeless as could be.

He laid his head on that lady’s knee,
 An’ he lookit as somebody he wad name,
 An’ there was a language in his *howe* e’e,
 That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

She fed him wi’ the milk an’ the bread,
 An’ ilka thing that he wad hae ;
 He lickit her hand, he coured his head,
 Then slowly, slowly he slunkered away.

But she has ey’d her fause knight’s hound,
 An’ a’ to see where he wad gae :
 He whined, an’ he howl’d, an’ lookit around,
 Then slowly, slowly he trudged away.

She followed the hound owre muirs an' rocks,
Through mony a dell an' dowie glen,
Till frae her brow and bonnie gowd locks
The dew dreepit down like the draps o' rain.

An' aye she said, " My love may be hid,
An' darena come to the castle to me ;
But him I will find an' dearly I'll chide,
For lack o' stout heart an' courtesye."

An' aye she ey'd the grey sleuth-hound
As he windit owre Deadwater fell,
Till he came to the den wi' the moss inbound,
An' O, but it kythed a lonesome dell !

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,
Then he cowred him down sae wearily ;
" Ah ! yon's my love, I hae found him out,
He's lying waiting in the dell for me.

" What ails my love, that he looks nae roun',
A lady's stately step to view ?
Ah me ! I have neither stockings nor shoon,
An' my feet are wet wi' the moorland dew.

" Sae sound as he sleeps in his hunting gear,
To waken him great pity would be ;
Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,
An' blind is he wha wantsna to see."

She gae ae look, she needit but ane,
For it left nae sweet uncertainty ;
She saw a wound through his shoulder bane,
An' in his brave breast two or three.

There wasna sic een on the Border green
 As the piercing een o' Sir David Graeme ;
 She gliskit wi' her e'e where these een should be,
 But the raven had been there afore she came.

There's a cloud fa's darker than the night,
 An' darkly on that lady it came ;
 There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright—
 'Tis without a feeling or a name.

• • • •
 O shepherd, lift that comely corpse,
 Well may you see no wound is there ;
 There's a faint rose 'mid the bright dew drops,
 And they have not wet her glossy hair.

There's a lady has lived in Hoswood tower,
 'Tis seven years past on St. Lambert's day,
 An' aye when comes the vesper hour,
 These words an' no more can she say :—

“ They slew my love on the wild Swaird green,
 As he was on his way to me ;
 An' the ravens picked his bonny blue een,
 An' the tongue that was formed for courtesy.

“ My brothers they slew my comely knight,
 An' his grave is red blood to the brim :
 I thought to have slept out the lang, lang night,
 But they've waken'd me, an' waken'd not hiin ! ”



THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS AULD
DOG HECTOR.

COME, my auld, towzy, trusty friend,
What gars ye look sae dung wi' wae?
D'ye think my favour's at an end,
Because thy head is turning grey?

Although thy strength begins to fail,
Its best was spent in serving me;
An' can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
Some comfort in thy age to gie?

For mony a day, frae sun to sun,
We've toiled fu' hard wi' ane anither;
An' mony a thousand mile thou'st run,
To keep my thraward flocks thegither.

To nae thrawn boy nor naughty wife
Shall thy auld banes become a drudge;
At cats an' callans a' thy life
Thou ever bor'st a mortal grudge;

An' whiles thy surly look declared,
Thou lo'ed the women warst of a';
Because my love wi' thee they shared,
A matter out o' right or law.

When sittin' wi' my bonnie Meg,
Mair happy than a prince could be,
Thou placed thee by her other leg,
An' watched her wi' a jealous e'e.

An' then, at ony start or flare,
 Thou wad'st hae worried furiously ;
 While I was forced to curse an' swear,
 Afore thou wad'st forbidden be.

Yet wad she clasp thy towzy paw ;
 Thy gruesome grips were never skaithly ;
 An' thou than her hast been mair true,
 An' truer than the friend that gae thee.

Ah me ! o' fashion, self, an' pride,
 Mankind hae read me sic a lecture ;
 But yet it's a' in part repaid
 By thee, my faithful, grateful Hector !

O'er past imprudence, oft alone
 I've shed the saut an' silent tear ;
 Then sharin' a' my grief an' pain,
 My poor auld friend came snoovin' near.

For a' the days we've sojourned here,
 An' they've been neither fine nor few,
 That thought possest thee year to year,
 That a' my griefs arase frae you.

Wi' waeosome face an' hingin' head,
 Thou wad'st hae pressed thee to my knee ;
 While I thy looks as weel could read,
 As thou had'st said in words to me :

“ O my dear master, dinna greet ;
 What hae I ever done to vex thee ?
 See here I'm cowrin' at your feet ;
 Just take my life, if I perplex thee.

“ For a’ my toil, my wee drap meat
 Is a’ the wage I ask of thee ;
 For whilk I’m oft obliged to wait
 Wi’ hungry wame an’ patient e’e.

“ Whatever wayward course ye steer ;
 Whatever sad mischance o’ertake ye ;
 Man, here is ane will hald ye dear !
 Man, here is ane will ne’er forsake ye ! ”

Yes, my puir beast, though friends me scorn,
 Whom mair than life I valued dear,
 An’ throw me out to fight forlorn,
 Wi’ ills my heart do hardly bear ;

While I hae thee to bear a part—
 My health, my plaid, an’ hazel rung—
 I’ll scorn the unfeeling, haughty heart,
 The saucy look, and slanderous tongue.

Some friends, by pop’lar envy swayed,
 Are ten times waur than ony fae ;
 My heart was theirs, an’ to them laid
 As open as the light o’ day.

I feared my ain, but had nae dread,
 That I for loss o’ theirs should mourn ;
 Or that when luck an’ favour fled,
 Their friendship wad injurious turn.

But He who feeds the ravens young
 Lets naething pass He disna see ;
 He’ll sometime judge o’ right an’ wrang,
 An’ aye provide for you an’ me.

An', hear me, Hector, thee I'll trust,
 As far as thou hast wit an' skill ;
 Sae will I ae sweet lovely breast,
 To me a balm for every ill.

To these my trust shall ever turn,
 While I have reason truth to scan ;
 But ne'er beyond my mother's son,
 To aught that bears the shape o' man.

I ne'er could thole thy cravin' face,
 Nor when ye pattit on my knee ;
 Though in a far an' unco place
 I've whiles been forced to beg for thee.

Even now I'm in my master's power,
 Where my regard may scarce be shown ;
 But ere I'm forced to gie thee o'er,
 When thou art auld and senseless grown,

I'll get a cottage o' my ain,
 Some wee bit cannie, lonely biel,
 Where thy auld heart shall rest fu' fain,
 An' share wi' me my humble meal.

Thy post shall be to guard the door
 Wi' gousty bark, whate'er betides ;
 Of cats an' hens to clear the floor,
 An' bite the flaes that vex thy sides.

When my last bannock's on the hearth
 Of that thou sanna want thy share ;
 While I hae house or hauld on earth,
 My Hector shall hae shelter there.

An' should grim death thy noddle save
Till he has made an end o' me,
Ye'll lie a wee while on the grave
O' aye wha aye was kind to thee.

There's nane alive will miss thee mair ;
An' though in words thou canst not wail,
On a' the claes thy master ware,
I ken thou'l smell and wag thy tail.

If e'er I'm forced wi' thee to part,
Which will be sair against my will,
I'll sometimes mind thy honest heart,
As lang as I can climb a hill.

Come, my auld towzy, trusty friend,
Let's speel to Queensb'ry's lofty height ;
All warldly cares we'll leave behind,
An' onward look to days more bright.

While gazing o'er the Lawland dales,
Despondence on the breezè shall flee,
An' muses leave their native vales
To scale the clouds wi' you an' me.

FAREWELL TO ETTRICK.

FAREWELL, green Ettrick, fare-thee-well !
I own I'm unco laith to leave thee ;
Nane kens the half o' what I feel,
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me.

There first I saw the rising morn ;
There first my infant mind unfurled,
To ween that spot where I was born ;
The very centre of the world.

I thought the hills were sharp as knives,
An' the braid lift lay whomel'd on them,
An' glowred wi' wonder at the wives
That spak o' ither hills ayon' them.

As ilka year gae something new,
Addition to my mind or stature,
So fast my love for Ettrick grew,
Implanted in my very nature.

I've sung, in mony a rustic lay,
Her heroes, hills, and verdant groves ;
Her wilds an' valleys fresh and gay,
Her shepherds' and her maidens' loves.

I had a thought,—a poor vain thought !
That some time I might do her honour ;
But a' my hopes are come to nought,
I'm forced to turn my back upon her.

She's thrown me out o' house an' hauld ;
My heart got never sic a thrust ;
An' my poor parents, frail and auld,
Are forced to leave their kindred dust.

But fare-ye-weel, my native stream,
Frae a' regret be ye preserved !
Ye'll maybe cherish some at hame,
Wha dinna jist sae weel deserve't.

There is nae man on a' your banks
 Will ever say that I did wrang him ;
 The lassies hae my dearest thanks
 For a' the joys I had amang them.

Though twined by rough an' ragin' seas,
 And mountains capt wi' wreaths o' snaw,
 To think o' them I'll never cease,
 As lang as I can think ava.

I'll make the Harris rocks to ring
 Wi' ditties wild when nane shall hear ;
 The Lewis shores shall learn to sing
 The names o' them I lo'ed sae dear ;

But there is ane aboon the lave
 I'll carve on ilka lonely green ;
 The sea-bird tossin' on the wave
 Shall learn the name o' bonny Jean.

Ye gods, take care o' my dear lass !
 That as I leave her I may find her ;
 Till that blest time shall come to pass,
 When we shall meet nae mare to sinder.

Fareweel, my Ettrick ! fare-thee-weel !
 I own I'm unco laith to leave thee ;
 Nane kens the half o' what I feel,
 Nor half o' that I hae to grieve me.

My parents crazy grown wi' eild,
 How I rejoice to stand their stay !
 I thought to be their help an' shield,
 And comfort till their hindmost day :

Wi' gentle hand to close their een,
 An' weet the yird wi' mony a tear,
 That held the dust o' ilka frien' ;
 O' friends sae tender and sincere :

It winna do :—I maun away
 To yon rough isle, sae bleak an' dun ;
 Lang will they mourn, baith night an' day
 The absence o' their darling son.

An' my dear Will ! how will I fen',
 Without thy kind an' ardent care ?
 Without thy verse-inspirin' pen,
 My muse will sleep an' sing nae mair.

Fareweel to a' my kith an' kin !
 To ilka friend I held sae dear !
 How happy hae we often been,
 Wi' music, mirth, an' hamely cheer !

Nae mair your gilded banks at noon
 Swells to my sang in echoes glad ;
 Nae mair I'll screed the rantin' tune,
 That hafins put the younkers mad.

Nae mair amang the haggs an' rocks,
 While hounds wi' music fill the air,
 We'll hunt the sly an' sulky fox,
 Or trace the wary circlin' hare.

My happy days wi' you are past,
 An', waes my heart, will ne'er return !
 The brightest day may overcast,
 And man was made at times to mourn.

But if I ken my dyin' day,
Though a foreworn an' waefu' man,
I'll tak my staff, an' post away,
To yield my life where it began.

If I should sleep nae mair to wake,
In yon far isle beyond the tide,
Set up a headstane for my sake,
An' prent upon its ample side :

“ In memory of a shepherd boy,
Who left us for a distant shore ;
Love was his life, and song his joy ;
But now he's dead—we add no more ! ”

Fareweel, green Ettrick, fare-thee-weel !
I own I'm something wae to leave thee ;
Nane kens the half o' what I feel,
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me !





THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.

PART FIRST.

OF all the lasses in fair Scotland
That lightly bound o'er muir and lea,
There's nane like the maids of Yarrowdale,
The maids o' Yarrow are fair to see.

But ne'er by Yarrow's sunny braes,
Nor Ettrick's green and wizard shaw,
Did ever maid so lovely won
As Mary Lee of Carelha'.

O ! round her fair and sightly form
The light hill-breeze was blithe to blow,
For the virgin hue her bosom wore
Was whiter than the drifted snow.

The dogs that wont to growl and bark
Whene'er a stranger they could see,
Would cower and creep along the sward,
And lick the hand of Mary Lee.

She ne'er had felt the stounds of love
Nor the waefu' qualms that breed o' sin ;
But ah ! she showed an absent look,
And a deep and thoughtfu' heart within.

She loved to look on a young man's face,
The downy chin, and the burning eye,
Without desire, without a blush ;
She loved them, but she knew not why.

She learned to read, when she was young,
The books of deep divinity ;
And she thought by night, and she read by day,
Of the life that is, and the life to be.

And the more she thought, and the more she read
Of the ways of Heaven and Nature's plan,
She feared the half that the bedesmen said
Was neither true nor plain to man.

Yet she was meek, and bowed to Heaven
Each morn beneath the shady yew,
Before the laverock left the cloud,
Or the sun began his draught of dew.

And when the gloaming's gouden veil
Was o'er Blackandro's summit flung,
Among the bowers of green Bowhill
Her hymn she to the Virgin sung.

And aye she thought, and aye she read,
Till mystic wildness marked her air ;
For the doubts that on her bosom preyed
Were more than maiden's mind could bear.

And she grew weary of this world,
And yearned and pined the next to see ;
Till Heaven in pity earnest sent,
And from that thraldom set her free.

One eve when she had prayed and wept
Till daylight faded on the wold—
The third night of the waning moon,
Well known to hind and matron old ;

For then the fairies boun' to ride,
And the elves of Ettrick's greenwood shaw,
And aye their favourite rendezvous
Was green Bowhill and Carelha'—

There came a wight to Mary's knee,
With face, like angel's, mild and sweet ;
His robe was like the lily's bloom,
And graceful flowed upon his feet.

He did not clasp her in his arms,
Nor showed he cumbrous courtesy,
But took her gently by the hand,
Saying, " Maiden, rise and go with me.

" Cast off, cast off those earthly weeds,
They ill befit thy destiny ;
I come from a far distant land,
To take thee where thou long'st to be."

She only felt a shivering throb,
A pang defined that may not be ;
And up she rose, a naked form,
More lightsome, pure, and fair than he.

He held a robe in his right hand,
Pure as the white rose in the bloom ;
That robe was not of earthly make,
Nor sewed by hand, now wove in loom.

When she had donned that light seymar,
Upward her being seemed to bound ;
Like one that wades in waters deep,
And scarce can keep him to the ground.

• • • • •
The beauteous stranger turned his face
Unto the eastern streamers sheen ;
He seemed to eye the ruby star
That rose above the Eildon green.

He spread his right hand to the heaven,
And he bade the maid not look behind,
But keep her face to the dark blue even :
And away they bore upon the wind.

She did not linger, she did not look,
For in a moment they were gone ;
But she thought she saw her very form
Stretched on the greenwood's lap alone.

As ever you saw the meteor speed,
Or the arrow cleave the yielding wind,
Away they sprung, and the breezes sung,
And they left the gloaming star behind ;

And eastward, eastward still they bore,
Along the night's grey canopy ;
And the din of the world died away,
And the landscape faded on the e'e.

They had marked the dark blue waters lie,
Like curvèd lines on many a vale ;
And they hung on the shelve of a saffron cloud,
That scarcely moved in the slumbering gale.

They turned their eyes to the heaven above,
And the stars blazed bright as they drew nigh ;
And they looked on the darksome world below ;
But all was grey obscurity.

They could not trace the hill nor dale,
Nor could they ken where the greenwood lay ;
But they saw a thousand shadowy stars,
In many a winding watery way ;
And they better knew where the rivers ran
Than if it had been the open day.

They looked on the western shorès afar,
But the light of day they could not see ;
And the halo of the evening star
Sank like a crescent on the sea.

Then onward, onward fast they bore
On the yielding winds so light and boon,
To meet the climes that bred the day,
And gave the glow to the gilded moon.

Long had she chambered in the deep
To spite the maidens of the main ;
But now frae the merman's couch she sprang,
And blushed upon her still domain.

When first from out the sea she peeped,
She kythed like maiden's gouden kemb,
And the sleepy waves washed o'er her brow,
And bell'd her cheek with the briny faem.

But the yellow leme spread up the lift,
And the stars grew dim before her e'e,
And up arose the Queen of Night
In all her solemn majesty.

Oh ! Mary's heart was blithe to lie
Above the ocean wastes reclined,
Beside her lovely guide so high,
On the downy bosom of the wind.

She saw the shades and gleams so bright
Play o'er the deep incessantly,
Like streamers of the norland way,
The lights that danced on the quaking sea.

She saw the wraith of the waning moon,
Trembling and pale it seemed to lie ;
It was not round like golden shield,
Nor like her moulded orb on high,

Her image cradled on the wave
Scarce bore similitude the while—
It was a line of silver light
Stretched on the deep for many a mile.

The lovely youth beheld with joy
That Mary loved such scenes to view ;
And away, and away they journeyed on,
Faster than wild bird ever flew.

Before the tide, before the wind,
The ship speeds swiftly o'er the faem,
And the sailor sees the shores fly back,
And weens his station still the same :

Beyond that speed ten thousand times,
By the marlèd streak and the cloudlet brown,
Pass'd our aerial travellers on
In the wan light of the waning moon.

They kept aloof as they passed her by,
For their views of the world were not yet done ;
But they saw her mighty mountain form
Like Cheviot in the setting sun.

And the stars and the moon fled west away,
So swift o'er the vaulted sky they shone ;
They seemed like fiery rainbows reared,
In a moment seen, in a moment gone.

Yet Mary Lee as easy felt
As if on silken couch she lay ;
And soon on a rosy film they hung,
Above the beams of the breaking day.

And they saw the chambers of the sun,
And the angels of the dawning ray
Draw the red curtains from the dome,
The glorious dome of the God of Day.

And the youth a slight obeisance made,
And seemed to bend upon his knee :
The holy vow he whispering said
Sunk deep in the heart of Mary Lee.

I may not say the prayer he prayed,
Nor of its wondrous tendency ;
But it proved that the half the bedesmen said
Was neither true nor ever could be.

Sweet breaks the day o'er Harlaw cairn,
On many an ancient peel and barrow,
On bracken hill, and lonely tarn,
Along the greenwood glen of Yarrow.

Oft there had Mary viewed with joy
The rosy streaks of light unfurled :
Oh ! think how glowed the virgin's breast
Hung o'er the profile of the world ;

On battlement of storied cloud
That floated o'er the dawn serene,
To pace along with angel tread,
And on the rainbow's arch to lean.

Her cheek lay on its rosy rim,
Her bosom pressed the yielding blue,
And her fair robes of heavenly make
Were sweetly tinged with every hue.

And there they lay, and there beheld
The glories of the opening morn
Spread o'er the eastern world afar,
Where winter wreath was never borne.

And they saw the blossom-loaded trees,
And gardens of perennial blow
Spread their fair bosoms to the day,
In dappled pride, and endless glow.

These came and passed, for the earth rolled on,
And still on the brows of the air they hung ;
The scenes of glory they now beheld
May scarce by mortal bard be sung.

It was not the hues of the marbled sky,
Nor the gorgeous kingdoms of the East,
Nor the thousand blooming isles that lie
Like specks on the mighty ocean's breast ;

It was the dwelling of that God
Who oped the welling springs of time ;
Seraph and cherubim's abode ;
The Eternal's throne of light sublime.

The virgin saw her radiant guide
On nature look with kindred eye ;
But whenever he turned him to the sun,
He bowed with deep solemnity.

And ah ! she deemed him heathen born,
Far from her own nativity,
In lands beneath the southern star,
Beyond the sun, beyond the sea.

And aye she watched with wistful eye,
And durst not question put the while ;
He marked her mute anxiety,
And o'er his features beamed the smile.

He took her slender hand in his,
And swift as fleets the stayless mind,
They scaled the glowing fields of day,
And left the elements behind.

The first green world that they passed by
Had 'habitants of mortal mould ;
For they saw the rich men and the poor,
And they saw the young and they saw the old.

But the next green world the twain pass'd by
 They seemed of some superior frame ;
 For all were in the bloom of youth,
 And all their radiant robes the same.

And Mary saw the grove and trees,
 And she saw the blossoms thereupon ;
 But she saw no grave in all the land,
 Nor church, nor yet a churchyard stone.

That pleasant land is lost in light,
 To every searching mortal eye ;
 So nigh the sun its orbit sails,
 That on his breast it seems to lie.

And though its light be dazzling bright,
 The warmth was gentle, mild, and bland,
 Such as on summer days may be
 Far up the hills of Scottish land.

And Mary Lee longed much to stay
 In that blest land of love and truth,
 So nigh the fount of life and day ;
 That land of beauty and of youth.

“ O maiden of the wistful mind,
 Here it behoves not to remain ;
 But Mary, yet the time will come
 When thou shalt see this land again.

“ Thou art a visitant beloved
 Of God and every holy one ;
 And thou shalt travel on with me
 Around the spheres, around the sun,
 To see what maid hath never seen,
 And do what maid hath never done.”

Thus spoke her fair and comely guide,
 And took as erst her lily hand ;
 And soon in holy ecstasy
 On mountains of the sun they stand.

Here I must leave the beauteous twain,
 Casting their raptured eyes abroad
 Around the valleys of the sun,
 And all the universe of God :

And I will bear my hill-harp hence,
 And hang it on its ancient tree ;
 For its wild warblings ill become,
 The scenes that oped to Mary Lee.

PART SECOND.

The Messengers' Report.

Ten thousand thousand messengers arrived
 From distant worlds, the missionaries of heaven,
 Sent forth to countervail malignant sprites
 That roam existence. These gave their report,
 Not at the throne, but at the utmost seats
 Of these long files of throned seraphim,
 By whom the word was passed. Then fast away
 Flew the commissioned spirits, to renew
 Their watch and guardship in far distant lands.
 They saw them, in directions opposite,
 To every point of heaven glide away
 Like flying stars ; or, far adown the steep,
 Gleam like small lines of light.

Now was the word
 Given out, from whence they knew not, that all
 tongues,

Kindreds, and tribes, should join, with one accord,
In hymn of adoration and acclaim,
To Him that sat upon the throne of heaven,
Who framed, saved, and redeemed them to Himself !

Then all the countless hosts obeisance made,
And with their faces turned unto the throne
Stood up erect, while all their coronals
From off their heads were reverently upborne.
Our earth-born visitant quaked every limb.
The angels touched their harps with gentle hand
As prelude to begin—then, all at once,
With full o'erwhelming swell the strain arose ;
And pealing high rose o'er the thronèd lists
And tuneful files, as if the sun itself
Welled forth the high and holy symphony !
All heaven beside was mute : the streams stood still
And did not murmur—the light wandering winds
Withheld their motion in the midst of heaven,
Nor stirred the leaf, but hung in breathless trance
Where first the sounds assailed them !—Even the
windows
Of God's pavilion seemed to open wide
And drink the harmony.

Few were the strains
The virgin pilgrim heard, for they o'erpowered
Her every sense ; and down she sunk entranced
By too supreme delight, and all to her
Was lost ; she saw nor heard not—it was gone !

Long did she lie beside a cooling spring
In her associate's arms, before she showed
Motion of life ; and when she first awoke
It was in dreaming melody—low strains
Half sung, half uttered, hung upon her breath.

ORIGIN OF A COMET.

AT length upon the brink of heaven they stood ;
There lingering, forward on the air they leaned
With hearts elate, to take one parting look
Of nature from its source, and converse hold
Of all its wonders. Not upon the sun,
But on the halo of bright golden air
That fringes it, they leaned, and talked so long,
That from contiguous worlds they were beheld,
And wondered at as beams of living light.

There all the motions of the ambient spheres
Were well observed, explained, and understood,
All save the mould of that mysterious chain
Which bound them to the sun—that God himself,
And He alone, could comprehend or wield.

While thus they stood or lay (for to the eyes
Of all their posture seemed these two between,
Bent forward on the wind, in graceful guise,
On which they seemed to press, for their fair robes
Were streaming far behind them) there passed by
A most erratic wandering globe, that seemed
To run with troubled aimless fury on.
The virgin, wondering, inquired the cause
And nature of that roaming meteor world.

When Cela thus :—“ I can remember well
When yon was such a world as that you left ;
A nursery of intellect, for those
Where matter lives not. Like these other worlds,

It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung
With wild and rapid motion. But the time
That God ordained for its existence run,
Its uses in that beautiful creation,
Where naught subsists in vain, remained no more.
The saints and angels knew of it, and came
In radiant files, with awful reverence,
Unto the verge of heaven where we now stand,
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.
Think of the impetus that urges on
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event.
Just in the middle of its swift career,
The Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
That hung it to the heaven—creation sobbed,
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills
Of these celestial regions. Down amain
Into the void the outcast world descended,
Wheeling and thundering on! Its troubled seas
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurried
Around it like a dew. The mountain tops
And ponderous rocks were off impetuous flung,
And clattered down the steeps of night forever.

“ Away into the sunless, starless void
Rushed the abandoned world ; and through its caves
And rifted channels airs of chaos sung.
The realms of night were troubled—for the stillness,
Which there from all eternity had reigned
Was rudely discomposed ; and moaning sounds,
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar
By darkling spirits. Still with stayless force,
For years and ages, down the wastes of night
Rolled the impetuous mass !—of all its seas
And superficies disencumbered,
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,

Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur
Were blown into a flame—when, meteor-like,
Bursting away upon an arching track,
Wide as the universe, again it scaled
The dusky regions. Long the heavenly hosts
Had deemed the globe extinct, nor thought of it,
Save as an instance of Almighty power :
Judge of their wonder and astonishment,
When far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw,
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear,
Showering thin flame, and shining vapour forth,
O'er half the breadth of heaven !—The angels
paused !
And all the nations trembled at the view.

“ But great is He who rules them !—He can turn
And lead it all unhurtful through the spheres,
Signal of pestilence or wasting sword
That ravage and deface humanity.

“ The time will come, when, in like wise, the earth,
Shall be cut off from God's fair universe ;
Its end fulfilled. But when that time shall be,
From man, from saint, and angel is concealed.”

Here ceased the converse.—To a tale like this
What converse could succeed ?—They turned round,
And kneeling on the brow of heaven, there paid
Due adoration to that Holy One
Who framed and rules the elements of nature.
Then like two swans that far on wing have scaled
The Alpine heights to gain their native lake,
At length, perceiving far below their eye
The beauteous silvery speck, they slack their wings,

And softly sink adown the incumbent air :
 So sank our lovely pilgrims, from the verge
 Of the fair heaven, down the streamered sky ;
 For other scenes and other worlds to view.

PART THIRD.

The Return to Earth.

WHEN these wild wanderings all were past and
 done,
 Just in the red beam of the parting sun,
 Our pilgrims skimmed along the light of even,
 Like flitting stars that cross the nightly heaven,
 And lighting on the verge of Phillip plain,
 They trode the surface of the world again

Arm linked in arm, they walked to green
 Bowhill :

At their approach the woods and lawns grew still ;
 The little birds to brake and bush withdrew,
 The merl away unto Blackandro flew ;
 The twilight held its breath in deep suspense,
 And looked its wonder in mute eloquence.

They reached the bower, where first, at Mary's
 knee

Cela arose her guide through heaven to be.
 All, all was still—no living thing was seen ;
 No human footstep marked the daisied green ;
 The youth looked round, as something were
 unmeet,
 Or wanting there to make their bliss complete.
 They paused—they sighed—then with a silent awe
 Walked onward to the halls of Carelha'.

They heard the squires and yeomen, all intent
Talking of some mysterious event ;
They saw the maidens in dejection mourn,
Scarce daring glance unto a yeoman turn.
Straight to the inner chamber they repair ;
Mary beheld her widowed mother there,
Flew to her arms, to kiss her and rejoice :
Alas ! she saw her not nor heard her voice,
But sat unmoved with many a bitter sigh,
Tears on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye !
In sable weeds her lady form was clad,
And the white lawn waved mournful round her
head.
Mary beheld, arranged in order near,
The very robes she last on earth did wear ;
And shrinking from the disregarded kiss,
“ Oh, tell me, Cela !—tell me, what is this ? ”

“ Fair maiden of the pure and guileless heart,
As yet thou knowest not how nor what thou art ;—
Come, I will lead thee to yon hoary pile,
Where sleep thy kindred in their storied isle :
There I must leave thee, in this world below ;
’Tis meet thy land these holy truths should know :
But, Mary, yield not thou to bootless pain,
Soon we shall meet, and never part again.”

He took her hand, she dared not disobey,
But, half reluctant, followed him away.
They paced along to Ettrick’s margin green,
And reached the hoary fane of old Lindeen :
It was a scene to curdle maiden’s blood—
The massy churchyard-gate wide open stood ;
The stars were up, the valley steeped in dew,
The baleful bat in silent circles flew ;

No sound was heard, except the lonely rail
Harping his ordinal adown the dale ;
And soft and slow upon the breezes light,
The rush of Ettrick breathed along the night.
Dark was the pile, and green the tombs beneath,
And dark the gravestones on the sward of death.

Within the railèd space appeared to view
A grave new opened—thitherward they drew ;
And there beheld, within its mouldy womb,
A living, moving tenant of the tomb !
It was an aged monk, uncouth to see,
Who held a sheeted corpse upon his knee,
And busy, busy with the form was he !
At their approach he uttered howl of pain,
Till echoes groaned it from the holy fane,
Then fled amain.—Ah ! Cela, too, is gone ;
And Mary stands within the grave alone !
With her fair guide her robes of heaven are fled,
And round her fall the garments of the dead !

Here I must seize my ancient harp again,
And chaunt a simple tale, a most uncourtly strain.

PART FOURTH.

THE night wind is still, and the moon in the wane,
The river-lark sings on the verge of the plain ;
So lonely his plaint by the motionless reed,
It sounds like an omen or tale of the dead ;
Like a warning of death it falls on the ear
Of those who are wandering the woodlands in fear ;
For the maidens of Carelha' wander, and cry
On their young lady's name, with the tear in their eye.

The gates had been shut, and the mass had been sung,
But Mary was missing, the beauteous and young ;
And she had been seen in the evening still,
By woodman, alone, in the groves of Bowhill.

Her lady mother, distracted and wild,
For the loss of her loved, her only child,
With all her maidens tracked the dew—
Well Mary's secret bower she knew.
Oft had she traced, with fond regard,
Her darling to that grove, and heard
Her orisons the green bough under,
And turned aside with fear and wonder.

O, seraph Hope ! that here below
Can nothing dear to the last forego !
When we see the forms we fain would save
Wear step by step adown to the grave,
Still hope a lambent gleam will shed
Over the last, the dying bed :
And even, as now, when the soul's away,
It flutters and lingers o'er the clay !
O hope ! thy range was never expounded !
'Tis not by the grave that thou art bounded !

“ O ! lady mother, thy fears forego ;
Why all this terror and this woe ?
But late when I was in this place
Thou wouldest not look me in the face :
O ! why do you blush at the sight of me ?
I am thy own child, thy Mary Lee.”

“I saw thee dead and cold as clay ;
I watched thy corpse for many a day ;
I saw thee laid in the grave at rest ;
I strewed the flowers upon thy breast ;
And I saw the mould heaped over thee—
Thou art not my child, my Mary Lee.”

O'er Mary's face amazement spread ;
She knew not that she had been dead ;
She gazed in mood irresolute :
Both stood aghast, and both were mute.

That mould is sensible and warm,
It leans upon a parent's arm :
The kiss is sweet, and the tears are sheen,
And kind are the words that pass between ;
They cling as never more to sunder—
O ! that embrace was fraught with wonder !





THE PEDLAR.

(From "The Mountain Bard.")

'TWAS late, late, late on a Saturday's night,
The moon was set and the wind was lown ;
The lazy mist crept down frae the height,
An' the dim blue lowe glimmered low on the downe.

O'er the rank-scented fen the bleeter was warping,
High on the black muir the foxes did howl,
All by the lone hearth the cricket sat harping,
An' far on the air came the notes of the owl.

The linn it was rowting adown frae the height,
An' the water was sighin' sae goustilye ;
O, it was sic an eerisome Saturday night,
As ane in a lifetime hardly wad see,

When the lady o' Thirlestane rose in her sleep,
And she shrieked sae loud that her maid ran to see ;
Her een they were set, an' her voice it was deep,
And she shook like the leaf o' the aspen tree.

"O, where is the pedlar I drove frae the ha',
That pled sae sair to tarry wi' me ?"
"He's gane to the mill, for the miller sells ale,
An' the pedlar's as weel as a man can be."

“ I wish he had stayed, he sae earnestly prayed,
 An’ he hight a braw pearlimg in present to gie ;
 But I was sae hard that I couldna regard,
 Tho’ I saw the saut tear trickle fast frae his e’e.

“ But O, what a terrible vision I’ve seen,
 The pedlar a’ mangled—most shocking to see !
 An’ he gapit an’ waggit, an’ stared wi’ his een,
 An’ he seemed to lay a’ the blame upon me.

“ I fear that in life he will ne’er mair be seen,
 An’ the very suspicion o’t terrifies me :
 I wadna hae siccан a vision again,
 For a’ the guid kye upon Thirlestane lee.

“ Yet wha wad hae heart the poor pedlar to kill ?
 O Grizzy, my girl, will ye gang and see !
 If the pedlar is safe an’ alive at the mill,
 A merk o’ guid money I’ll gie unto thee.”

“ O lady, ‘tis dark, and I heard the dead-bell ;
 An’ I darena gae yonder for gowd nor fee :
 But the miller has lodgings might serve yoursel,
 An’ the pedlar’s as weel as a pedlar can be.”

She sat till day, and she sent wi’ fear,—
 The miller said there he never had been ;
 She went to the kirk, and speered for him there,
 But the pedlar in life was never mair seen.

Frae aisle to aisle she lookit wi’ care ;
 Frae pew to pew she hurried her een ;
 An’ a’ to see if the pedlar was there,
 But the pedlar in life was never mair seen.

But late, late, late on a Saturday's night,
 As the laird was walking alang the lee,
 A silly auld pedlar came by on his right,
 An' a muckle green pack on his shoulders had he.

"O where are ye gaun, ye beggarly loon ?
 Ye's neither get lodgin' nor sale frae me !"
 He turned him about, an' the blude it ran down,
 An' his throat was a' hacked, an' ghastly was he.

Then straight wi' a sound, he sank i' the ground,
 And a fire-flaught out o' the place did flee !
 To try a bit prayer the laird clappit down,
 As flat an' as feared as a body could be.

He fainted ; but soon as he gathered his breath,
 He tauld what a terrible sight he had seen :
 The devil a' woundit and bleedin' to death,
 In shape o' a pedlar upo' the mill-green.

The lady she shriekit, the door it was stekkit,
 The servants were glad that the devil was gane ;
 But ilk Saturday night, when faded the light, [seen.
 Near the mill-house, the poor bleeding pedlar was

An' aye when passengers by were gaun,
 A dolefu' voice came frae the mill-ee,
 At the turn o' the night, when the clock struck one,
 Cryin' "O Rob Riddle, hae mercy on me !"

The place was harassed, the mill was laid waste,
 The miller he fled to a far countrie ;
 But aye at e'en the pedlar was seen,
 An' at midnight the voice came frae the mill-ee.

The lady frae hame wad never mair budge,
 From the time that the sun gade over the hill ;
 An' now she had a' the poor bodies to lodge,
 As nane durst gae on for the ghaist o' the mill.

But the minister there was a body o' skill,
 Nae feared for devil or spirit was he ;
 An' he's gane awa' to watch at the mill,
 To see if this turbulent ghost he could see.

He prayed, and he read, and he sent them to bed,
 And the Bible *anunder* his arm took he,
 An' round an' round the mill-house he gade,
 To try if this terrible sight he could see.

Wi' a shivering groan the pedlar cam' on,
 And the muckle green pack on his shoulders had he ;
 But he neither had flesh, blude, nor bane,
 For the moon shone through his thin bodye.

The minister opened the holy book,
 And charged him by a' the Sacred Three,
 To tell why that ghastly figure he took,
 To terrify a' the hale countrye.

The pedlar he opened his fleshless gums,
 And siccán a voice ne'er struck the ear ;
 It was like the stound an' whistling sound
 Of the crannied wind at midnight drear.

“ O weel,” he said “ may I rise frae the dead,
 Guilt presses the hardest nearest hame ;
 An' here 'tis so new, that ye a' maun rue,
 An' yon proud lady was a' the blame.

" My body was butchered within that mill,
 My banes lie under the inner mill-wheel,
 And here my spirit maun wander until
 Some crimes and villainies I can reveal :

" I robbed my niece o' three hundred pounds,
 Which Providence suffered me not to enjoy ;
 For the sake of that money I got my death's wounds ;
 The miller me kenned, but he missed his ploy.

" The money lies buried on Balderstone hill,
 Beneath the mid bourack o' three times three :
 O gie't to the owners, kind sir, and it will
 Bring wonderfu' comfort an' rest unto me.

" 'Tis drawing to day, nae mair I can say,
 My message I trust, good father, with thee ;
 If the black cock should craw, when I am awa,
 O weary, an' weary ! what wad come o' me ? "

Wi' a sound like a horn away he was borne ;
 The grass was fired where the spirit had been ;
 An' certain it is, from that day to this,
 The ghost o' the pedlar was never mair seen.

The mill was repaired, and low i' the yird,
 The bones lay under the inner mill-wheel ;
 The box an' the ellwand beside him were hid,
 An' mony a thimble, an' mony a seal.

Must the scene of iniquity cursed remain ?
 Can this bear the stamp of the heavenly seal ?
 Yet certain it is, from that day to this,
 The millers o' Thirlestane ne'er hae done weel !

But there was an auld mason wha wrought at the mill,
 In the rules o' Providence skilfu' was he ;
 He keepit a bane o' the pedlar's heel,
 An' a queerer wee bane you never did see.

The miller had fled to the forest o' Jed,
 But time had now grizzled his haffets wi' snaw ;
 He was crookit an' auld, an' his head was turned bald,
 But his joke he could break wi' the best o' them a'.

Away to the Border the mason he ran,
 To try wi' the bane if the miller was fey ;
 And into a smiddie wi' mony a man,
 He fand him a-gaffin fu' gaily that day.

The mason he crackit, the mason he taukit,
 Of a' curiosities mighty and mean ;
 Then pu'd out the bane, an' declared there was nane
 Who in Britain had ever the equal o't seen.

Then ilka ane took it, and ilka ane lookit,
 An' ilka ane ca'd it a comical bane ;
 To the miller it goes, wha wi' specs on his nose,
 To hae and to view it was wondrous fain.

But what was his horror, as leaning he stood,
 An' what the surprise o' his cronies around,
 When the little wee bane fell a-streaming wi' blood,
 Which dyed a' his fingers, and ran to the ground !

They charged him wi' murder, and a' the hale crew [hell ;
 Cried the truth should be told should they bring it frae
 A red goad o' airn frae the fire they drew,
 An' they swore they wad spit him unless he wad tell.

“O hald,” said the mason, “for how can this be ?
 You’ll find you’re all out when the truth I reveal ;
 At fair Thirlestane I gat this wee bane,
 Deep buried anunder the inner mill-wheel.”

“O God !” said the wretch, wi’ the tear in his e’e,
 “O pity a creature lang doomed to despair ;
 A silly auld pedlar, wha begged of me
 For mercy, I murdered, and buried him there !”

To Jeddart they hauled the auld miller wi’ speed,
 An’ they hangit him dead on a high gallows-tree ;
 And *af.ewards* they in full counsel agreed,
 That Rob Riddle he richly deserved to dee.

The thief may escape the lash and the rape,
 The liar and swearer their vile hides may save,
 The wrecker of unity pass with impunity,
 But whan gat the murd’rer in peace to his grave ?

Ca’t not superstition, if reason you find it,
 Nor laugh at a story attestit sae weel ;
 For lang will the *facts* i’ the Forest be mindit,
 O’ the ghaist, an’ the bane o’ the pedlar’s heel.





From "THE POETIC MIRROR."

ISABELLE.

CAN there be a moon in heaven to-night,
That the hill and the grey cloud seem so light ?
The air is whitened by some spell,
For there is no moon, I know it well ;
On this third day the sages say
('Tis wonderful how well they know)
The moon is journeying far away,
Bright somewhere in a heaven below.

It is a strange and lovely night,
A greyish pale, but not white !
Is it rain, or is it dew,
That falls so thick I see its hue ?
In rays it follows. one, two, threec,
Down the air so merrily,
Said Isabelle ; so let it be !

Why does the Lady Isabelle
Sit in the damp and dewy dell,
Counting the racks of drizzly rain,
And how often the rail cries over again ?
For she's harping, harping in the brake,
Craik, craik——Craik, craik——

Ten times nine, and thrice eleven ;—
The last call was an hundred and seven.
Craik, craik—the hour is near—
Let it come, I have no fear !
Yet it is a dreadful work, I wis,
Such doings in a night like this !

Sounds the river harsh and loud ?
The stream sounds harsh, but not loud.
There is a cloud that seems to hover
By western hill the churchyard over ;
What is it like ?—'Tis like a whale ;
'Tis like a shark with half the tail,
Not half, but third and more ;
Now 'tis a wolf, and now a boar ;
Its face is raised—it cometh here ;
Let it come—there is no fear.
There's two for heaven, and ten for hell,
Let it come—'tis well—'tis well !
Said the Lady Isabelle.

What ails that little cut-tailed whelp,
That it continues to yelp, yelp ?
Yelp, yelp, and it turns its eye
Up to the tree and half to the sky ;
Half to the sky and full to the cloud,
And still it whines and barks aloud.
Why I should dread I cannot tell,
There is a spirit ; I know it well !
I see it in yon falling beam—
Is it a vision or a dream ?
It is no dream, full well I know
I have a woeful deed to do !
Hush, hush, thou little murmurer ;
I tell thee, hush—the dead are near !

If thou knewst all, poor tail-less whelp,
Well mightest thou tremble, growl, and yelp ;
But thou knowest nothing, hast no part
(Simple and stupid as thou art)
Save gratitude and truth of heart.
But they are coming by this way
That have been dead for a year and a day ;
Without challenge, without change,
They shall have their full revenge !
They have been sent to wander in woe
In the lands of flame and the lands of snow ;
But those that are dead
Shall the greensward tread,
And those that are living
Shall soon be dead !
None to pity them, none to help ;
Thou mayest quake, my cut-tailed whelp !

There are two from the grave
That I fain would save ;
Full hard is the weird
For the young and the brave !
Perchance they are wrapt in vision sweet,
While the passing breezes kiss their feet ;
And they are dreaming of joy and love !—
Well, let them go—there's room above.

Yet they are coming ! and they are three !
Jesu Maria ! can it be ?

THE CONCLUSION.

Sleep on ! fair maiden of Borrowdale !
Sleep, O sleep, and do not wake ;
Dream of the dance, till the foot so pale,
And the beauteous ankle shiver and shake ;

Till thou shalt press, with feeling bland,
Thine own fair breast for lover's hand.
Thy heart is light as summer breeze,
Thy heart is joyous as the day ;
Man never form of angel sees,
But thou art fair as they.
So lovers ween, and so they say,
So thine shall ween for many a day.
The hour's at hand, O woe is me !
For they are coming, and they are three.





From "MADOR OF THE MOOR."

CALEDONIA.

OLD CALEDONIA ! pathway of the storm
That o'er thy wilds resistless sweeps along,
Though clouds and snows thy sterile hills deform,
Thou art the land of freedom and of song.
Land of the eagle fancy, wild and strong !
Land of the loyal heart and valiant arm !
Though southern pride and luxury may wrong
Thy mountain honours, still my heart shall warm
At thy unquestioned weir and songs of magic charm.

THE RIVER TAY.

WESTWARD they past by bank and greenwood side,
A varied scene it was of wondrous guise ;
Below them parting rivers smoothly glide,
And far above their heads aspiring rise
Grey crested rocks, the columns of the skies,

While little lowly dells lay hid between :
 It seemed a fairy land, a paradise,
 Where every bloom that scents the woodland green
 Opened to heaven its breast, by human eye unseen.

Queen of the forest, there the birch tree swung
 Her light green locks aslant the southern breeze ;
 Red berries of the brake around them hung ;
 A thousand songsters warbled on the trees.

LOVE.

WHAT art thou, Love ? or who may thee define ?
 Where lies thy bourne of pleasure or of pain ?
 No sceptre, graved by Reason's hand, is thine,
 Child of the moistened eye and burning brain,
 Of glowing fancy, and the fervid vein,
 That soft on bed of roses loves to rest,
 And crop the flower where lurks the deadly bane :
 Oh, many a thorn those dear delights invest,
 Child of the rosy cheek, and heaving snow-white
 breast !

Thou art the genial balm of virtuous youth,
 And point'st where Honour waves her wreath on
 high ;
 Like the sweet breeze that wanders from the south,
 Thou breath'st upon the soul, where embryos lie
 Of new delights, the treasures of the sky.
 Who knows thy trembling watch in bower of even,
 Thy earliest grateful tear, and melting sigh ?
 Oh, never was to yearning mortal given
 So dear delights as thine, thou habitant of heaven !

Oh, I will worship even before thy bust,
When my dimmed eye no more thy smile can see !
While this deserted bosom beats, it must
Still beat in unison with hope and thee :
For I have wept o'er perished ecstasy,
And o'er the fall of beauty's early prime ;
But I will dream of new delights to be,
When moon and stars have ceased their range
 sublime,
And angels rung the knell of all-consuming Time.

THE PALMER'S MORNING HYMN.

LAUDED be thy name for ever,
Thou, of life the guard and giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
Rule the ouphes and elves at will,
That vex the air or haunt the hill,
And all the fury subject keep
Of boiling cloud and chafèd deep :
I have seen, and well I know it ;
Thou hast done, and thou wilt do it.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

I have seen thy wondrous might,
Through the shadows of this night ;
Thou, who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
Spirits from the ocean under,
Liquid flame, and levelled thunder,

Need not waken nor alarm them—
 All combined they cannot harm them.
 God of evening's yellow ray,
 God of yonder dawning day
 That rises from the distant sea
 Like breathings of eternity ;
 Thine the flaming sphere of light,
 Thine the darkness of the night,
 Thine are all the gems of even,
 God of angels, God of heaven.
 God of life that fade shall never,
 Glory to thy name for ever !

STIRLING.

Old Strevline,* thou stand'st beauteous on the height,
 Amid thy peaceful vales of every dye,
 Amid bewildered waves of silvery light
 That maze the mind, and toil the raptured eye.
 Thy distant mountains spiring to the sky,
 Seem blended with the mansions of the blest ;
 How proudly rise their gilded points on high
 Above the morning cloud and man's behest,
 Like thrones of angels hung upon the welkin's breast !

For these I love thee ; but I love thee more
 For the grey relics of thy martial towers,
 Thy mouldering palaces and ramparts hoar,
 Throned on the granite pile that grimly lowers,
 Memorial of the times, when hostile powers
 So often proved thy steadfast patriot worth :
 May every honour wait thy future hours,
 And glad the children of thy kindred Forth !
 I love thy very name, old bulwark of the North.

* Ancient name of Stirling.—*Ed.*



From "QUEEN HYNDE."

THE BOAT RACE.

FOURTEEN fair barges in a row
Started at once with heaving prow ;
With colours, flags, and plumes bedight ;
It was forsooth a comely sight !
King Eric's seven good rowers swarth,
Chosen from all the sinewy north,
Were men of such gigantic parts,
And science in the naval arts,
And with such force their flashes hurled,
They feared no rowers of this world.

King Eric, crowned with many a gem,
Took station on his barge's stem ;
Secure of victory, and proud
To shoot before the toiling crowd,
And spring the first upon the shore ;
Full oft he'd done the same before.

Seven boats of either nation bore,
In proud array from Keila's shore,
With equal confidence endow'd ;
To each seven rowers were allowed ;

But by the way they spied, with glee,
 That one Scots barge had only three,
 And she was bobbing far behind,
 As toiling with the tide and wind ;
 The rowers laugh'd till all the firth
 Resounded with the boist'rous mirth.

Around an isle the race was set,
 A nameless isle, and nameless yet ;
 And when they turn'd its southern mull,
 The wind and tide were fair and full ;
 Then 'twas a cheering sight to view
 How swift they skimmed the ocean blue ;
 How lightly o'er the wave they scoop'd ;
 Then down into the valley swoop'd ;
 Like flock of sea-birds gliding home,
 They scarcely touch'd the floating foam,
 But like dim shadows through the rain,
 They swept across the heaving main ;
 While in the spray, that flurr'd and gleam'd
 A thousand little rainbows beam'd.

King Eric's bark, like pilot swan,
 Aright before the centre ran,
 Stemming the current and the wind
 For all his cygnet fleet behind,
 And proudly look'd he back the while,
 With lofty and imperial smile.
 O mariners ! why all that strife ?
 Why plash and plunge 'twixt death and life ?
 When 'tis as plain as plain can be,
 That barge is mistress of the sea.

Pray not so fast, Sir Minstrel rath !
 Look back upon that foamy path,
 As Eric does with doubtful eye,
 On little boat that gallantly

Escapes from out the flashing coil,
 And presses on with eager toil,
 Full briskly stemming tide and wind,
 And following Eric hard behind ;
 And, worst of all for kingly lot,
 Three rowers only man the boat !

“Ply, rowers, ply ! We’re still a-head.
 Lean from your oars—shall it be said
 That the seven champions of the sea
 Were beat outright by random three ?
 Ply, rowers, ply ! She gains so fast,
 I hear their flouts upon us cast.
 ‘Tis the small boat, as I’m on earth !
 That gave so much untimely mirth.

“Curse on her speed ! Strain, rowers, strain !”
 Impatient Eric cried again ;
 “See how she cleaves the billow proud,
 Like eagle through a wreathy cloud :
 Strain, vassals, strain ! If we’re outrun,
 By moving thing below the sun,
 I swear by Odin’s mighty hand,
 I’ll sink the boat and swim to land !”

Hard toil’d King Eric’s giant crew ;
 Their faces grim to purple grew ;
 At last their cheering loud ye-ho
 Was changed into a grunt of woe.
 For she, the little bark despised,
 And foully at the first misprised,
 Came breasting up with skimming motion,
 Scarce gurgling in the liquid ocean ;
 And by, and by, and by she bore,
 With whoop of joy, and dash of oar !

The foremost rower plied his strength
On two oars of tremendous length,
Which boards on further end reveal'd,
Broader than Eric's gilded shield ;
The monarch trembled and look'd grave
To see the strokes that rower gave.

Just then he heaved his oars behind,
Like falcon's wings lean'd to the wind
As pass'd his little pinnace plain
The monarch's mete'er of the main ;
And, as he bent his might to row,
He struck King Eric's gilded prow
With such a bounce and such a heave,
That back she toppled o'er the wave,
And nigh had thrown, as nigh could be,
Her king and champions in the sea,
" Ho ! oar-room, friends ! your distance keep,"
Cried that rude Hector of the deep ;
" Ye-ho ! ye-ho !
How well we go !
Ours is the bark that fears no foe ! "

INVITATION.

OH come on thy path of the starry ray,
Thou queen of the land of the gloaming grey,
And the dawning's mild and pallid hue,
From thy valleys beyond the land of the dew,
The realm of a thousand gilded domes,
The richest region that fancy roams !

I have sought for thee in the blue hare-bell,
And deep in the fox-glove's silken cell ;
For I fear'd thou hadst drunk of its potion deep,
And the breeze of the world had rock'd thee asleep ;
Then into the wild-rose I cast mine eye,
And trembled because the prickles were nigh,
And deem'd the specks on its foliage green
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen,
Then gazing, wonder'd if blood might be
In an immortal thing like thee.
I have open'd the woodbine's velvet vest,
And sought the hyacinth's virgin breast ;
Then anxious lain on the dewy lea,
And look'd to a twinkling star for thee,
That nightly mounted the orient sheen,
Streaming in purple and glowing in green ;
And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,
My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

But now I have found thee, thou vagrant thing,
Though where I neither dare say nor sing !
For it was in a home so passing fair,
That an angel of light might have linger'd there :
I found thee playing thy freakish spell
Where the sun never shone, and the rain never fell,
Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,
And never was kiss'd by the breeze of day ;
It was sweet as the woodland breeze of even,
And pure as the star of the western heaven,
As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,
And soft as the down of the solan's breast.

Since now I have found thee, I'll hold thee fast ;
Till thou garnish my song—it is the last !

THE FATE OF ODIN'S WORSHIPPERS.

“STRETCH but thy finger from the spheres
 Towards these bloody worshippers,
 And lo ! the sinners and the spot
 Shall quickly be as they were not !
 As things of terror no more seen,
 Nay, be as they had never been.

“Our eyes are fix'd on thee above—
 Our hope in thy redeeming love :
 Then, oh, in mercy to our race,
 Hear in the heavens, thy dwelling-place !”

While yet the Christian army kneel'd,
 Ere brow was raised from rock or shield,
 Heaven's golden portals were unbarr'd
 And the Almighty's voice was heard !
 It came not forth like thunders loud,
 When lightnings through the liquid cloud
 Break up the dense and dismal gloom
 With chafe, with clatter, and with boom ;
 It came with such a mighty sound,
 As if the heavens, the depths profound,
 And tempests at their utmost noise,
 Cried all together in one voice.

Deep call'd to deep, and wave to wave ;
 Stone unto stone, and grave to grave :
 The yawning cliffs and caverns groan'd ;
 The mountains totter'd as they moan'd ;
 All nature roar'd in one dire steven ; *
 Heaven cried to earth, and earth to Heaven,

* *Steven*, uproar.

Till both the offenders and offended
Knew that the Eternal God descended.

After the voice a whirlwind blew,
Before it every fragment flew
Of movent nature, all in cumber,
And living creatures without number
Were borne aloft with whirling motion :
It lifted ships out of the ocean !
And all, without one falling shiver,
Were borne away, and lost for ever ;
But there were cries of death and dread
Heard in the darkness overhead !

After the wind, with rending roll,
A crash was heard from pole to pole,
As if the Almighty's hand had rent
The ample yielding firmament ;

And lo ! from out the heavens there came
A sea of rolling smouldering flame,
Which o'er the sinners' heads impended,
And slowly, dreadfully descended ;
While with their shouts the welkin broke,
"Great Odin comes ! our God, our rock !"

Just while their horrid sacrifice
Still flamed with incense to the skies ;
Just when their hearts were at the proudest,
And orisons had pealed the loudest,
The liquid sounding flame enclosed them,
And roll'd them in its furnace bosom !
That city fill'd with loathsome crime,
With all its piles of ancient time,

After the fiery column broke,
Scarce gave a crackle or a smoke,
More than a heap of chaff or tinder,
But melted to a trivial cinder!—

Scarce had the eye of trembling hind
Regained its sight—with terror blind,
His heart began to beat in time
Or shudder'd at the heinous crime,
Ere the appalling scene was o'er!
One single moment, and no more,
All glitter'd with a glowing gleen,*
Then pass'd as they had never been.
Walls, towers, and sinners, in one sweep,
Were solder'd to a formless heap,
To stand, until that final day,
When this fair world shall melt away,
As beacons sacred and sublime
Of judgment sent for human crime.

* *Gleen*, a bright dazzling gleam.





LINES TO SIR. WALTER SCOTT.

SOUND, my old harp, thy boldest key
To strain of high festivity !
Can'st thou be silent in the brake,
Loitering by Altrive's mountain lake,
When he who gave the hand its sway
That now has tuned thee many a day,
Has gained thee honours trulier won,
Than e'er by sword of Albyn's son ;
High guerdon of a soul refined,
The meed of an exalted mind ?

Well suits such wreath thy loyal head,
My counsellor, and friend indeed.
Though hard through life I've pressed my way
For many a chill and joyless day,
Since I have lived enrapt to hail
My sovereign's worth, my friend's avail,
And see, what more I prize than gain,
Our forest harp the bays obtain,
I'll ween I have not lived in vain.

Ah ! could I dream when first we met,
When by the scanty ingle set,

Beyond the moors where curlews wheel
In Ettrick's bleakest, loneliest shiel,
Conning old songs of other times,
Most uncouth chants and crabbed rhymes—
Could I e'er dream that wayward wight,
Of roguish joke, and heart so light,
In whose oft-changing eye I gazed,
Not without dread the head was crazed,
Should e'er, by genius' force alone,
Skim o'er an ocean sailed by none ;
All the hid shoals of envy miss,
And gain such noble port as this !

I could not : but I cherish still
Mirth at the scene, and ever will,
When o'er the fells we took our way ;
('Tis twenty years, even to a day,
Since we two sought the fabled urn
Of marble blue by Rankleburn) :
No tomb appeared ; but oft we traced
Towns, camps, and battle-lines effaced,
Which never were, nor could remain,
Save in the bold enthusiast's brain :
The same to us—it turned our lays
To chiefs and tales of ancient days.
One broken pot alone was found
Deep in the rubbish under ground,
In middle of the ancient fane—
“ A gallant helmet split in twain ! ”
The truth was obvious ; but in faith
On you all words were waste of breath ;
You only looked demure and sly,
And sore the brow fell o'er the eye ;
You could not bear that you should ride
O'er pathless waste and forest wide,

Only to say that you had been
To see that nought was to be seen.

The evenings came; more social mirth
Ne'er flowed around the cottage hearth :
When Maitland's song first met your ear,
How the furled visage up did clear,
Beaming delight ! though now a shade
Of doubt would darken into dread
That some unskilled presumptuous arm
Had marred tradition's mighty charm.

Scarce grew thy lurking dread the less,
Till she, the ancient minstreless,
With fervid voice, and kindling eye,
And withered arms waving on high,
Sung forth these words in eldritch shriek,
While tears stood on thy nut-brown cheek—

“ Na, we are nane o' the lads o' France,
Nor e'er pretend to be ;
We be three lads of fair Scotland,
Auld Maitland's sons, a' three ! ”

Thy fist made all the table ring—
“ By —— sir, but that is the thing ! ”

Yes, twenty years have come and fled
Since we two met, and time has shed
His riming honours o'er each brow—
My state the same, how changed art thou !
But every year yet overpast
I've loved thee dearer than the last.
For all the volumes thou hast wrote,
Those that are owned, and that are not,

Let these be conned even to a grain,
I've said it, and will say't again—
Who knows thee but by these alone,
The better half is still unknown.

I know thee well—no kinder breast
Beats for the woes of the distress,
Bleeds for the wounds it cannot heal,
Or yearns more o'er thy country's weal.
Thy love embraces Britain o'er,
And spreads and radiates with her shore ;
Scarce fading on her ocean's foam,
But still 'tis brightest nearest home,
Till those within its central rays,
Rejoicing, bask within the blaze.

Blessed be the act of sovereign grace,
That raised thee 'bove the rhyming race ;
Blessed be the heart and head elate,
The noble generous estimate
That marked thy worth, and owned the hand
Resistless in its native land.
Bootless the waste of empty words,
The pen is worth ten thousand swords.

Long brook thy honours, gallant knight,
So firm of soul, so stanch of right ;
For had thy form but reached its prime,
Free from mischance in early time,
No stouter sturdier arm of weir
Had wielded sword or battle spear.
For war thy boardly frame was born,
For battle shout, and bugle-horn ;
Thy boyish feats, thy youthful dream—
How thy muse kindles at the theme !

Chance marred the path, or Heaven's decree :
How blessed for Scotland and for me !

Scarce sounds thy name as't did before,
Walter the Abbot now no more :
Well—let it be—I'll not repine,
But love the title since 'tis thine.
Long brook thy honours, firm to stand
As Eildon rock ; and that thy land,
The first e'er won by dint of rhyme,
May bear thy name till latest time,
And stretch from bourn of Abbot's-lea
To Philhope Cross, and Eildon Tree,
Is the heart's wish of one who's still
Thy grateful shepherd of the hill !





BALLADS AND POEMS.

THE LORD OF BALLOCH.

THE eagle flew over the Laggan Loch,
And down by the braes of Badenoch,
And eastward, eastward sped his way,
Far over the lovely links of Spey ;
Till the lord of Balloch turned his eye
To the haughty journeyer of the sky,
And he said to his henchman, “ Gill-na-omb,
What brings the eagle so far from home ? ”

Then Gillion watched his lord’s dark eye,
And his voice it faltered in reply ;
And he said, “ My lord, who needs to care
For the way of the eagle in the air ?
Perhaps he is watching Lochdorbin’s men,
Or the track of the Gordons of the Glen,
For he spies, from his stories of the wind,
That the dead are often left behind ;
Or, haply, he knows, in our forest bounds,
Of some noble stag dead of his wounds.”

“ Go, saddle my steed without delay ;
I have watched yon eagle, day by day,
Still hovering over yon lonely dell—
There’s a dread on my soul which I dare not tell.
Gillion, no mystery may I brook,
I like not thy suspicious look.

•
Say have you heard no word at all
Of some one missed from her father’s hall ? ”

“ No, my good lord—no, not one word,
As I shall be sworn upon my sword ;
And why should the eagle’s yelling din
Awake suspicions your heart within ? ”

That lord he mounted his gallant steed,
But at his henchman he shook his head,
And gave him a look as bounding away,
That filled his black heart with dismay ;
And he fled to hide in the bosky burn,
For he dared not wait his lord’s return.

The lord of Balloch away is gone,
With beating heart, to the wild alone ;
For in the dead of night he had dream’d
Of that dell o’er which the eagle scream’d,
And there, with his mortal eye, had seen
A vision of terror and of teen ;
And something was borne on his soul oppress’d,
Of a deed that would never be redress’d ;
For there are sprites that the truth can scan,
And whisper it to the soul of man.

The eagle he sail’d upon the cloud,
And he spread his wings, and scream’d aloud,

For he durst not light in the lonely dell,
But his rage made all the echoes yell ;
For he saw the blood below his feet,
And he saw it red, and he knew it sweet,
And though death was pleasing to his eye,
The silken tartans stream'd too nigh.

The lord of Balloch rode on and on,
With a heavy gloom his heart upon,
Till his steed began to show demur,
For he snorted and refused the spur,
And, nor for coaxing nor for blow,
Further one step he would not go ;
He reared aloft, and he shook with fear,
And his snorting was terrible to hear :
The gallant steed is left behind,
And the chief proceeds with a troubled mind.

But short way had that good lord gone,
Ere his heart was turn'd into a stone ;
It was not for nought that the steed rebell'd ;
It was not for nought that the eagle yell'd ;
It was not for nought that the visions of night
Presented that lord with a grievous sight—
A sight of misery and despair :
But I dare not tell what he found there !
For the hearts of the old would withhold belief,
And the hearts of the young would bleed with grief,
Till the very fountains of life ran dry !
Sweet sleep would forsake the virgin's eye,
And man, whose love she had learned to prize,
Would appear a monster in disguise—

The very flowers of the wildered dell
Would blush, were I that tale to tell !

Ah ! the clan of Lochdorbin for ever may rue
That the dream and its ending proved so true,
For twenty ruffians of that dome,
And at their head base Gill-na-omb,
Were hung by the necks around that dell,
To bleach in the snows and rains that fell ;
And there they swung the wild within,
Till the dry bones rattled in the skin ;
And they hung, and they hung, till all was gone
Save a struggling skull and white backbone—
A lesson to men of each degree
How sacred the virgin form should be.

As for Lochdorbin's brutal chief,
He was pinion'd like a common thief,
And cast into a dungeon deep
Below the Balloch castle-keep,
Where he pined to death, there not the first
Who had died of hunger and of thirst.
On his own flesh he strove to dine,
And drank his blood instead of wine,
Then groan'd his sicken'd soul away,
Cursing the lord of Balloch's sway,
And wishing, with dying grin and roar,
That twenty maidens, and twenty more,
Were in his power in the lonely dell,
And all by that lord beloved as well.

He is gone—extinct, and well-away !
His castle's a ruin unto this day,
And neither the shepherd nor hind can tell
The name of the chief that there did dwell ;
And all that remains of that cruel beast,
Who laid the Buchan and Bogie waste,

Are some shreds of bones in the Balloch keep,
Still kicked about in that dungeon deep ;
Or haply some films of dust enshrined,
Whirled on the eddies of the wind.
So perish all from noble range,
Who would wrong a maiden for revenge !

LITTLE PYNKIE.

LITTLE PYNKIE came to Kilbogie yett,
It was on a hallow-day ;
And the lady babies with her met,
To hear what she would say.

For Pynkie was the littlest bairn
That ever danced on the green ;
And Pynkie was the bonniest thing
That ever on earth was seen.

Her face was cast in beauty's mould,
And o'er her brow aboon
Her hair was like the streams of gold
That tinsel from the moon.

Three spans from heel to head she stood.
But all so meet to see,
No maiden in the mildest mood
A lovelier form could be.

Whoever looked at her a space,
Could never call to mind
That she possessed not frame and grace
Of stateliest womankind.

The baron came forth to the green,
And he took her by the hand ;
" Little Pynkie, you are welcome here,
The flower of fair Scotland.

" You are welcome to my bowers, Pynkie,
And to my halls so gay ;
And you shall be my bonnie dear,
And I'll fondle you night and day."

" Oh, no ! oh no, my own good lord,
For that would be a sin ;
For if you toy or *melle* with me,
To heaven you'll never win."

" But I will take my chance, Pynkie,
For love is sore to thole ;
The joy of maiden's leisu' charms
Can never stain the soul."

" But I will sing a sang to you,
And dance a fairy wheel,
Till you and all your bonny may bairns
Can dance it wonder weel."

Were I to tell Little Pynkie's sang,
It might do muckle ill,
For it was not framed of earthly words,
Though it sounded sweet and shrill.

But aye the o'erword of the sang
Which ladies learned to sing,
Was—" Round and round, and seven times round
The elfin fairy ring !"

The first round that Little Pynkie made
Was gentle, soft, and sweet ;
But the second round Little Pynkie made,
They could not ken her feet.

The third round that Little Pynkie made,
She shimmered as light and gay
As dancing of the wiry lights
On warm and sunny day.

And aye she sang, with twirle and spang,
Around them on the plain,
Till her feet they shimmered abune their heads,
Then kissed the sward again.

Then the baron he began to bob,
No longer could he stand,
And his little maidens in a ring,
They joined him hand-in-hand.

And round and round, and faster round,
The fairy ring they flew ;
And aye the longer that they danc'd,
The madder on fun they grew.

And Little Pynkie in the midst
Bobbed like a flee in May,
And every spring Little Pynkie gave
The baron he cried " Hurraye ! "

But aye when Pynkie made a spring
Between him and the day,
He made a paule with hands and feet,
And gave a faint " Hurraye ! "

He *streikit* out his limbs in death,
Unpitied and unblest ;
But "Hurraye !" it was the ae last word
That gurgled in his breast.

• • • •

The chaplain came into the ring
To lift his master's head,
And called on six young boardly *wichts*
To bear away the dead ;

When Little Pynkie in the midst
Stood lovely as the sun ;
She sang a stave, and danced it round,
And all their grief was done.

• • • •

But ay when Pynkie made a rise
With fitful, fairy fling,
"Again, again !" the chaplain cried,
"Well proven, my bonny thing !

"Again, again ! Again, again !"
In maddening scream cried he,
"Oh, let me see that spring again
That I of love may die !"

• • • •

He *streikit* out his laithly limbs,
His een set in his head,
But, "Again, again !" came ever again
Till after he was dead.

Then all the land together came
To priest and holy friar,
And there were prayers in every kirk,
And hymns in every choir ;

For Little Pynkie held her place,
At lordly Kilbogie,
And of every chamber in the house
Little Pynkie keepit the key.

So word's gone east, and word's gone west,
From Solway to the Clyde,
And word's gone to the great Mass John
That lived on Cluden side.

So he is come to Kilbogie's hall
These lordly maids to save,
And conjure that wild thing away
Into the deep sea's wave.

When he came to Kilbogie's yett
He tirlèd at the pin,
And wha sae ready as Little Pynkie
To rise and let him in.

“ Bairn, I have words to say to you
On matter most sincere ;
Where is the country you came from,
And wha was it sent you here ? ”

“ I came from a country far away,
A region fair and sweet,
For all the sterms of the milky way
Were far beneath our feet.

“ But I have roamed this earthly sphere
Some virgin souls to win,
Since maids were born the slaves of love,
Of sorrow and of sin :

“ By night and day, and gloaming grey,
By grove and greenwood tree ;
Oh, if you kenned what I have done
To keep them fair and free !

“ I have sat upon their waving locks,
As dancing on the green,
And watched the blushes of the cheek,
And glances of the een.

“ I have whispered dreams into their ears
Of all the snares of love ;
And cooled their young and hoping breasts
With dews distilled above.”

“ But oh, thou wild and wicked thing,
Think of this virgin band ;
Thou’st taken their father from their head,
Their pastor from their hand.”

“ That father was a man so wild,
Disgrace of human frame.

And his fat chaplain—worst of all—
Their deeds I may not name.

“ Before one of those maids had bloomed
In lovely ladyhood,
Each would have lost her white clothing
But and her silken snood.

“ But now, Mass John, I know you are
A good man and a true ;
Therefore I yield my virgin charge
With pleasure up to you.

“ For oh ! there is much for me to do,
'Mong maidens mild and meek ;
For men are so wicked here below
And women are so weak.

“ But I will bathe your een, Mass John,
With unguent of the sky ;
And you shall hear with other ears,
And see with other eye.

“ And you shall see the right and wrong,
With soul of dread within,
What habitants you dwell among,
What world you sojourn in.”

She touched his eye, she touched his ear,
With unguent of the sky,
Distilled from flowers of heavenly bowers
That never, never die.

But Little Pynkie she was gone
Away by dale and glen,
To guard the virgins of the land
From wiles of wicked men.

There was no thought within the heart
Though secret and untold,
But they were acted in his sight
By spirits manifold.

He wished for death, and could not lie
Such strange enchantment under,
Thus wandering with a spirit's eye
Amid a world of wonder.

For man must be a mortal thing
With an immortal mind,
Or pass the door of death, and leave
Mortality behind.

So good Mass John long'd fervently
That life with him were done,
To mix with spirits or with men,
But only with the one.

Mass John went home and laid him doon
And soon was with the dead,
And the bonnie maids of Kilbogie
Are left without a head.

When seven lang years had come and gane
With blynk and shower away,
Then Little Pynkie she came back
Upon a hallow-day.

But the strains that Little Pynkie sung
At setting of the sun,
Were never forgot by old or young,
Till life with them was done.

What then was said, or what was done,
No minstrel ever knew,
But the bonnie maids of Kilbogie
With beauty bloomed anew.

Some deemed that they would pass away,
To other land than this;
But they lived the life that women live,
Of social earthly bliss.

But many a tale in Westland dale,
Quaint rhyme, and fairy lay,
There yet remains of Pynkie's strains
Upon the hallow-day.

THE MERMAID.

“ OH, where won ye, my bonny lass,
Wi’ look sae wild an’ cheery?
There’s something in that witching face
That I lo’e wonder dearly.”

“ I live where the harebell never grew,
Where the streamlet never ran,
Where the winds o’ Heaven never blew—
Now find me gin you can.”

“ Tis but your wild an’ wily way,
The gloaming makes you eerie,
For ye are the lass o’ the Braken-Brae,
An nae lad maun come near ye :

“ But I am sick, an’ very sick,
Wi’ a passion strange and new,
For ae kiss of thy rosy cheeks
And lips o’ coral hue.”

“ Go, hie you from this lonely brake,
Nor dare your walk renew ;
For I’m the Maid of the Mountain Lake,
An’ I come wi’ the falling dew.”

“ Be you the Maid of the Crystal Wave,
Or she of the Braken-Brae ;
One tender kiss I mean to have ;
You shall not say me nay.

“ For beauty’s like the daisy’s vest,
That shrinks from the early dew ;
But soon it opes its bonny breast,
An’ sae may it fare wi’ you.”

“ Kiss but this hand, I humbly sue,
Ev’n there I’ll rue the stain ;
Or the breath of men will dim its hue,
It will ne’er be pure again.

“ For passion’s like the burning beal
Upon the mountain’s brow,
That wastes itself to ashes pale,
And sae will it fare wi’ you.”

“ Oh mother, mother, make my bed,
And make it soft and easy ;
And with the cold dew bathe my head,
For pains of anguish seize me :

“ Or stretch me in the chill blue lake,
To quench this bosom’s burning ;
An’ lay me by yon lonely brake,
For hope there’s none returning.

“ I’ve been where man should not have been,
Oft in my lonely roaming ;
And seen what man should not have seen,
By greenwood in the gloaming.

“Oh, passion’s deadlier than the grave,
 A’ human things undoing ;
 The Maiden of the Mountain Wave
 Has lured me to my ruin ! ”

’Tis now an hundred years an’ more,
 An’ all these scenes are over,
 Since rose his grave on yonder shore
 Beneath the wild wood cover ;

An’ late I saw the Maiden there,
 Just as the daylight faded,
 Braiding her locks o’ gowden hair,
 And singing as she braided :

MERMAID’S SONG.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
 Long is thy night of sorrow ;
 The Maiden of the Mountain deep
 Shall meet you on the morrow.

But oh, when shall that morrow be,
 That my true love shall waken ?
 When shall we meet, refined an’ free,
 Amid the moorland braken ?

Full low and lonely is thy bed,
 The worm even flies thy pillow ;
 Where now the lips, so comely red,
 That kissed me ’neath the willow ?

Oh, I must laugh, do as I can,
Ev'n 'mid my song of mourning,
At all the fuming freaks of man,
To which there's no returning.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep—
Hope lingers o'er thy slumber ;
What though thy years beneath the steep
Should all its stones outnumber ?

Though moons steal o'er an' seasons fly
On time's swift wing unstaying,
Yet there's a spirit in the sky,
That lives o'er thy decaying.

In domes beneath the water-springs
No end hath my sojourning ;
An' to this land of fading things
Far hence be my returning ;

For spirits now have left the deep,
Their long last farewell taken :
Lie still, my love, lie still an' sleep,
The day is near the breaking !

When my loved flood from fading day
No more its gleam shall borrow,
Nor heath-fowl from the moorland grey
Bid the blue dawn good-morrow ;

The Mermaid o'er thy grave shall weep,
Without one breath of scorning :
Lie still, my love, lie still an' sleep,
And fare thee well till morning !

MORNING.

WAKEN, drowsy slumberer, waken !
Over gorse, green broom, and braken,
From her sieve of silken blue
Dawning sifts her silver dew,
Hangs the emerald on the willow,
Lights her lamp below the billow,
Bends the brier and branchy braken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !

Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !
Deep the moon her draught has taken
Of the babbling rivulet sheen,
Far beynd the Ochil green.
From her gauzy veil on high
Trills the laverock's melody ;
Round and round, from glen and grove,
Pour a thousand hymns to love ;
Harps the quail amid the clover,
O'er the moon-fern whews the plover ;
Bat has hid, and heath-cock crowed,
Courser neighed, and cattle lowed,
Kid and lamb their lair forsaken ;—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !

See how light the wood-fly dances !
Swifter still the dawn advances ;
Streaming in her eagle talon
Waves her bright and broad gonfalon ;
Specks of purple, sprigs of yellow,
Roof her radiant light umbrella ;
Pretty limner ! see her hue
Painted on the amber dew,
On the leaf of beech and willow,

On the lake and sleepy billow ;—
Rouse thee, slumberer, from thy pillow !

Human life is but a day ;
Gay its morn, but short as gay ;
Day of evil—day of sorrow !
Hope—even hope can paint no morrow.
Steeped in sloth or passions boiling,
Noon shall find thee faint and toiling :
Evening rears her mantle dreary ;
Evening finds thee pale and weary.
Prospects blasted,—aims misguided,—
For the future ill provided,—
Murmuring, worn, enfeebled, shaking—
Days of sorrow, nights of waking—
Yield thy soul unto the Giver ;
Bow thy head, and sleep for ever !
Rise, O rise, to work betake thee !
Wake thee, drowsy slumberer, wake thee !

STANZAS.

MY sweet little cherub, how calm thou'rt reposing !
Thy suffering is over, thy mild eye is closing ;
This world hath proved to thee a step-dame unfriendly ;
But rest thee, my babe, there's a spirit within thee.
A mystery thou art, though unblest and unshriven—
A thing of the earth, and a radiance of heaven ;
A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying—
A spark of the other, thou'rt mounting and flying.

Farewell, my sweet baby, too early we sever ;
I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never :
Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,
A pure living flame, to the mansions of glory.

The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder,
The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder ;
But I'll trust my babe in her trial of danger,
To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger.

THE AULD MAN'S FAREWEEEL TO HIS WEE HOUSE.

I LIKE ye weel, my wee auld house,
Though laigh the wa's an' flat the riggin' ;
Though round thy lum the sourick grows,
An' rain-draps gaw my cozy biggin'.

Lang hast thou happit mine an' me,
My head's grown grey aneath thy kipple ;
An' aye thy ingle cheek was free
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple :

An' to the puir forsaken wight
Wi' bairnie at her bosom cryin',
My cot was open day an' night,
Nor wanted bed for sick to lie in.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
An' kept my little store increasin'?—
The rich man never wished me ill,
The puir man left me aye his blessin'.

Troth, I maun greet wi' thee to part,
Though to a better house I'm flittin' ;
Sic joys will never glad my heart
As I've had by thy hallan sittin'.

My bonnie bairns around me smiled ;
My sonsie wife sat by me spinnin',
Aye liltin' owre her ditties wild,
In notes sae artless and sae winnin'.

Our frugal meal was aye a feast ;
Our e'enin' psalm a hymn of joy :
Aye calm an' peacefu' was our rest ;
Our bliss, our love without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,
My auld, storm-battered hamely sheilin' :
Thy sooty lum an' kipples clear
I better lo'e than gaudy ceilin'.

Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start,
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be !
Ah, sae will soon ilk honest heart,
That erst was blithe an' bauld in thee.

I thought to cower aneath thy wa',
Till death had closed my weary e'en ;
Then left thee for the narrow ha',
Wi' lowly roof o' swaird sae green.

Fareweel, my house an' burnie clear,
My bourtree bush an' bowzy tree ;
The wee while I maun sojourn here,
I'll never find a hame like thee !



REGRET.

WHAT makes that lulling brook complain,
While softly round the valley sweeping ?
What makes the blackbird's morning strain
Sound like the voice of woe and weeping ?

Alas ! I fear the sylvan bower
Has lost its sweets of morn and even,
Since I have flung the sweetest flower
That ever breathed the breeze of heaven.

Sing on, thou bonny bird of Spring !
Thy little heart with love is heaving ;
Far hast thou wandered on the wing,
But not thy love behind thee leaving ;

But I have left my native glade,
The silent bower, and scented blossom ;
And I have left the sweetest maid,
That ever heaved a snowy bosom.

I saw the round, the crystal tear,
How could my stern reproach abuse her !
I loved her—yes, I loved her dear—
How could my jealous mind accuse her !

How often from the evening fall
I've wooed her fondly till the morrow ;
She gave her heart—it was her all—
And yet I left that heart to sorrow.

Sing on, thou bonny bird of morn,
Above the broom-wood waving yellow ;
Thy love sits listening in the thorn,
Delighted with thy music mellow.

Thou call'st the red sun from the sea,
He hastes above the wave to hear thee ;
The evening star steals o'er the tree,
With simple ray of love to cheer thee.

Long may thy melody renew
The fondest hope of faithful lover ;
And morning weave her mantle blue
Thy dwelling in the greenwood over !

Her silver sleys of fairy weft,
Of former joys alone remind me ;
My bliss is fled since I have left
My dear, my injured maid behind me.

A BARD'S ADDRESS TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

COME to my arms, my dear wee pet,
My gleesome, gentle Harriet !
The sweetest babe art thou to me
That ever sat on parent's knee ;
Thy every feature is so cheering,
And every motion so endearing.
Thou hast that eye was mine erewhile,
Thy mother's blithe and grateful smile,
And such a playful, merry mien,
That care flies off whene'er thou'rt seen.

And, if aright I read thy mind,
The child of nature thou'rt designed ;
For, even while yet upon the breast,
Thou mimick'st child, and bird, and beast ;

Can'st cry like Maggie o'er her book,
And crow like cock, and caw like rook,
Boo like a bull, or blare like ram,
And bark like dog, and bleat like lamb,
And when afield in sunshine weather,
Thou minglest all these sounds together :
Then who can say, thou happy creature,
Thou'rt not the very child of nature ?

Child of my age and dearest love !
As precious gift from God above,
I take thy pure and gentle frame,
And tiny mind of mounting flame ;
And hope that through life's chequer'd glade—
That weary path that all must tread—
Some credit from thy name will flow
To the old bard who loved thee so.
At least, thou shalt not want thy meed—
His blessing on thy beauteous head,
And prayers to Him whose sacred breath
Lighten'd the shades of life and death—
Who said with sweet benignity,
“ Let little children come to me.”

And now, sweet child, one boon I crave—
And pout not, for that boon I'll have—
One kiss I ask for grandam's sake,
Who never saw thy tiny make ;
And one for her who left us late,
Laid low, but not forgotten yet ;
And thy sweet mother, too, the nearest
To thee and me, the kindest, dearest—
Thou sacred, blest memorial,
When I kiss thee, I kiss them all !

'Tis very strange, my little dove !
That all I ever loved, or love,
In wondrous visions still I trace
While gazing on thy guiltless face :
Thy very name brings to my mind
One, whose high birth and soul refined,
Withheld her not from naming me,
Even in life's last extremity.
Sweet babe ! thou art memorial dear
Of all I honour and revere !

Come, look not sad : though sorrow now
Broods on thy father's thoughtful brow,
And on the reverie he would dwell—
Thy prattle soon will that expel.
—How dar'st thou frown, thou freakish fay,
And turn thy chubby face away,
And pout, as if thou took'st amiss
Thy partial parent's offer'd kiss ?
Full well I know thy deep design ;
'Tis to turn back thy face to mine,
With triple burst of joyous glee,
And fifty strains at mimicry !

Crow on, sweet child ! thy wild delight
Is moved by visions heavenly bright :
What wealth from nature may'st thou gain,
With promptings high to heart and brain !
But hope is all—though yet unproved,
Thou art a shepherd's best beloved :
And now above thy brow so fair,
And flowing films of flaxen hair,
I lay my hand once more, and frame
A blessing, in the holy name
Of that supreme divinity
Who breathed a living soul in thee.

ELEGY.

FAIR was thy blossom, tender flower,
That opened like the rose in May,
Though nursed beneath the chilly shower
Of fell regret for love's decay !

How oft thy mother heaved the sigh
O'er wreaths of honour early shorn,
Before thy sweet and guiltless eye
Had opened on the dawn of morn !

How oft above thy lowly bed,
When all in silence slumbered low,
The fond and filial tear was shed,
Thou child of love, of shame, and woe !

Her wronged but gentle bosom burned
With joy thy opening bloom to see,—
The only breast that o'er thee yearned,
The only heart that cared for thee.

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,
Fair as the softest wreath of spring,
When late I saw thee seek the bower
In peace thy morning hymn to sing !

Thy little feet across the lawn
Scarce from the primrose pressed the dew ;
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the greenwood flew.

Even then the shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever ;
A tear of pity wet the string
That twanged, and sealed thy doom for ever.

I saw thee late the emblem fair
 Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
 Start tiptoe on the verge of air,
 'Twixt childhood and unstable youth ;

But now I see thee stretched at rest,
 (To break that rest shall wake no morrow ;)
 Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast,
 Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow !

—
 VERSES TO THE COMET OF 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
 As twilight from her vaults so blue
 Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
 To sleep embalmed in midnight dew !

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
 Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky !
 And thou, mysterious guest of night,
 Dread traveller of immensity.

Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail ;
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,
 That flashest in celestial gale,
 Broad pennon of the King of heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
 From angel's ensign-staff unfurled ?
 Art thou the standard of His wrath,
 Waved o'er a sordid sinful world ?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
 That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
 No latent evil we can deem,
 Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
 Thy streaming locks so lovely pale ;
 Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
 Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years ?
 Why sought these polar paths again,
 From wilderness of glowing spheres,
 To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou scal'st the milky way,
 And vanishest from human view,
 A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
 Through wilds of yon empyreal blue.

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide !
 To sail the boundless skies with thee,
 And plough the twinkling stars aside,
 Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea ;

To brush the embers from the sun,
 The icicles from off the pole,
 Then far to other systems run,
 Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of heaven ! oh let thine eye
 Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
 Eccentric as thy course on high,
 And airy as thine ambient beam.

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn ;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the grey portals of the morn.

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

How can you bid this heart be blithe,
When blithe this heart can never be ?
I've lost the jewel from my crown,—
Look round our circle and you'll see
That there is aye out o' the ring
Who never can forgotten be—
Ay, there's a blank at my right hand
That ne'er can be made up to me !

'Tis said, as water wears the rock,
That time wears out the deepest line ;
It may be true wi' hearts enow,
But never can apply to mine,
For I have learned to know and feel—
Though losses should forgotten be—
That still the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me !

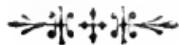
I blame not Providence's sway,
For I have many joys beside,
And fain would I, in grateful way,
Enjoy the same, whate'er betide.
A mortal thing should ne'er repine,
But stoop to the supreme decree ;
Yet, oh ! the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me !

THE BROKEN HEART.

Now lock my chamber door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it,
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it.

Oh, let me lie, and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven ! were it thy will
To close these eyes for ever;
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

Oh, why should vows so fondly made
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary.



AN AGED WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH, is he gane, my good auld man,
And am I left forlorn?
And is that manly heart at rest,
The kindest e'er was born?

We've sojourned here, thro' hope and fear,
For fifty years and three,
And ne'er in all that happy time
Said he harsh word to me.

And many a braw and buirdly son,
And daughters in their prime,
His trembling hand laid in the grave,
Lang, lang afore the time.

I dinna greet the day to see
That he to them has gane ;
But oh, it's fearful thus to be
Left in a world alone,

Wi' a poor worn and broken heart,
Whose race of joy is run,
And scarce has little opening left
For aught beneath the sun.

My life nor death I winna crave,
Nor fret, nor yet despond ;
But a' my hope is in the grave,
And the dear hame beyond.



THE FRAZERS IN THE CORREI.

“ WHERE has your daddy gone, my little May?
 Where has our lady been a’ the lang day?
 Saw you the red-coats rank on the ha’ green?
 Or heard you the horn on the mountain yestreen ? ”
 “ Auld carle greybeard, ye speer na at me,
 Gae speer at the maiden that sits by the sea ;
 The red-coats were here, and it wasna for good,
 For the raven’s grown hoarse wi’ the waughtin’ o’ blood.

“ Oh listen, auld carle, how roopit his note !
 The blood o’ the Frazer’s too hot for his throat ;
 I trow the black traitor’s of Sassenach breed,
 They prey on the living and he on the dead.
 When I was a baby, we call’d him in joke
 The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock ;
 But now he’s our mountain companion no more,
 The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore.”

“ Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death ?
 The raven’s our friend, and he’s croaking in wrath :
 He will not pick eye from a bonneted head,
 Nor mar the loved form by the tartans that’s clad.
 But point me the cliff where the Frazer abides,
 Where Foyers, Culduthel, and Gorthaleg hides ;
 There’s danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
 And seek them alone by the light of the moon.”

“ Auld carle greybeard, a friend you should be,
 For the truth’s on your lip and the tear in your e’e ;
 Then seek in yon correi that sounds from the brae,
 An’ sings to the rock when the breeze is away.

I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
 And deep in their cave they were hiding in fear ;
 There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
 They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept on the
 rock.

“ Oh, tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
 Of those who are killing the gallant and great ;
 Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
 And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe ?
 I know it, auld carle, as sure as yon sun
 Shines over our heads, that the deeds they have done
 To those who are braver and better than they,
 There's one in this world or the next will repay.”

JOCK JOHNSTONE THE TINKLER.

“ OH, came ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,
 Or down the King's Road of the cleuch ?
 Or saw ye a Knight and a lady bright,
 Wha hae gane the gate they baith shall rue ? ”

“ I saw a knight and a lady bright
 Ride up the cleuch at the break of day ;
 The knight upon a coal-black steed,
 And the dame on one of the silver grey.

“ And the lady's palfrey flew the first,
 With many a clang of silver bell :
 Swift as the raven's morning flight,
 The two went scouring ower the fell.

“ By this time they are man and wife,
 And standing in St. Mary’s fane ;
 And the lady in the grass-green silk
 A maid you will never see again.”

“ Eft I can tell thee, saucy wight—
 And that the runaways shall prove--
 Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet
 As maiden charms or maiden’s love.”

“ Since thou say’st that, my Lord Douglas,
 Good faith some clinking there will be ;
 Beshrew my heart, but and my sword,
 If I winna turn and ride with thee !”

They whipp’d out ower the shepherd cleuch,
 And down the links o’ the Corsecleuch burn ;
 And aye the Douglas swore by his sword
 To win his love or ne’er return.

“ Fight first your rival, Lord Douglas,
 And then brag after, if you may ;
 For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord
 As ever gave good weapon sway.

“ But I for ae poor siller merk,
 Or thirteen pennies an’ a bawbee,
 Will tak in hand to fight you baith,
 Or beat the winner, whiche’er it be.”

The Douglas turn’d him on his steed,
 And I wat a loud laughter leuch he :—
 “ Of all the fools I have ever met,
 Man, I hae never met ane like thee.

“ Art thou akin to lord or knight,
 Or courtly squire or warrior leal ? ”
 “ I am a tinkler,” quo the wight,
 “ But I like crown-cracking unco weel.”

When they came to St. Mary’s kirk,
 The chaplain shook for very fear ;
 And aye he kiss’d the cross, and said,
 “ What deevil has sent that Douglas here ? ”

“ He neither values book nor ban,
 But curses all without demur ;
 And cares nae mair for a holy man
 Than I do for a worthless cur.”

“ Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,
 And tell to me without delay,
 Where you have hid the Lord of Ross,
 And the lady that came at the break of day ? ”

“ No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,
 Have I beheld since break of morn ;
 And I never saw the Lord of Ross
 Since the woeful day that I was born.”

Lord Douglas turn’d him round about,
 And look’d the tinkler in the face ;
 Where he beheld a lurking smile,
 And a deevil of a dour grimace.

“ How’s this, how’s this, thou tinkler loun ?
 Hast thou presumed to lie to me ? ”
 “ Faith, that I have ! ” the tinkler said,
 “ And a right good turn I have done to thee ; ”

“ For the Lord of Ross, and thy own true love,
 The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane,
 Rade west away, ere the break of day ;
 And you’ll never see that dear maid again :

“ So I thought it best to bring you here,
 On a wrang scent, of my own accord ;
 For had you met the Johnstone clan,
 They wad hae made mince-meat of a lord.”

At this the Douglas was so wroth,
 He wist not what to say or do ;
 But he strak the tinkler o’er the croun,
 Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow.

“ Beshrew thy heart,” quo the tinkler lad,
 “ Thou bear’st thee most ungallantly !
 If these are the manners of a lord,
 They are manners that winna gang down wi’ me.”

“ Hold up thy hand,” the Douglas cried,
 “ And keep thy distance, tinkler loun ! ”
 “ That will I not,” the tinkler said,
 “ Though I and my mare should both go down ! ”

“ I have armour on,” cried the Lord Douglas,
 “ Cuirass and helm, as you may see.”
 “ The deil may care ! ” quo the tinkler lad ;
 “ I shall have a skelp at them and thee.”

“ You are not horsed,” quo the Lord Douglas,
 “ And no remorse this weapon brooks.”
 “ Mine’s a right good yaud,” quo the tinkler lad ;
 “ And a great deal better nor she looks.

“ So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord ;
 What I have taken I needs must give ;

Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,
For the langest day thou hast to live."

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,
Till the fire from both their weapons flew ;
But the very first shock that they met with,
The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,
And a cuirass on his breast wore he,
With a good steel bonnet on his head,
Yet the blood ran trinkling to his knee.

The Douglas sat upright and firm,
Aye as together their horses ran ;
But the tinkler laid on like a very deil—
Siccan strokes were never laid on by man.

"Hold up thy hand, thou tinkler loun ?"
Cried the poor priest, with whining din ;
"If you hurt the brave Lord James Douglas,
A curse be on thee and all thy kin !"

"I care no more for Lord James Douglas,
Than Lord James Douglas cares for me ;
But I want to let his proud heart know,
That a tinkler's a man as well as he."

So they fought on, and they fought on,
Till good Lord Douglas' breath was gone ;
And the tinkler bore him to the ground,
With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

"O hon ! O hon !" cried the proud Douglas,
"That I this day should have lived to see !
For sure my honour I have lost,
And a leader again I can never be !

“ But tell me of thy kith and kin,
And where was bred thy weapon hand ?
For thou art the wale of tinkler louns
That ever was born in fair Scotland.”

“ My name’s Jock Johnstone,” quo the wight,—
“ I winna keep in my name frae thee ;
And here, take thou thy sword again,
And better friends we two shall be.”

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,
That was a debt he could never owe ;
He would rather die at the back of the dike,
Than owe his sword to a man so low.

“ But if thou wilt ride under my banner,
And bear my livery and my name,
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be,
And I’ll knight thee on the field of fame.”

“ Woe worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,
To think I’d change my trade for thine ;
Far better and wiser would you be,
To live as a journeyman of mine,

“ To mend a kettle or a casque,
Or clout a goodwife’s yettlin pan—
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,
You’d make a noble tinkler man !

“ I would give you a drammock twice-a-day,
And sunkets on a Sunday morn ;
And you should be a rare adept
In steel and copper, brass and horn.

“ I’ll fight you every day you rise,
Till you can act the hero’s part ;

Therefore I pray you, think of this,
And lay it seriously to heart."

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,
Answering with an inward curse—
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,
That makes his deadly wound the worse.

But up there came two squires renown'd ;
In search of Lord Douglas they came ;
And when they saw their master down,
Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the tinkler wight,
Like perfect tigers on their prey ;
But the tinkler heaved his trusty sword,
And made him ready for the fray.

"Come one to one, ye coward knaves—
Come hand to hand, and steed to steed,
I would that ye were better men,
For this is glorious work indeed ! "

Before you could have counted twelve,
The tinkler's wondrous chivalrye
Had both the squires upon the sward,
And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

The tinkler tied them neck and heel,
And many a biting jest gave he ;
"O fie, for shame !" said the tinkler lad,
"Siccan fighters I did never see ! "

He slit one of their bridal reins—
Oh what disgrace the conquer'd feels !
And he skelpit the squires with that good tawse,
Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

The Douglas he was forced to laugh,
Till down his cheek the salt tears ran :
“ I think the deevil be come here
In the likeness of a tinkler man ! ”

Then he is to Lord Douglas gone,
And he raised him kindly by the hand,
And he set him on his gallant steed,
And bore him away to Henderland :

“ Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,
Nor writhe beneath a broken bane,
For the leech’s art will mend the part,
And your honour lost will spring again.

“ ’Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name,
I’m a right good tinkler as you see ;
For I can crack a casque betimes,
Or clout one, as my need may be.

“ Jock Johnstone is my name, ’tis true—
But noble hearts are allied to me,
For I am the Lord of Annandale,
And a knight and earl as well as thee.”

Then Douglas strained the hero’s hand,
And took from it his sword again ;
“ Since thou art the Lord of Annandale,
Thou hast eased my heart of meikle pain.

“ I might have known thy noble form,
In that disguise thou’rt pleased to wear ;
All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,
And England by experience dear.

“ We have been foes as well as friends,
And jealous of each other’s sway ;
But little can I comprehend
Thy motive for these pranks to-day ? ”

“ Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,
’Twas I that stole your love away,
And gave her to the Lord of Ross
An hour before the break of day :

“ For the Lord of Ross is my brother,
By all the laws of chivalrye ;
And I brought with me a thousand men
To guard him to my own countrye.

“ But I thought meet to stay behind,
And try your lordship to waylay ;
Resolved to breed some noble sport,
By leading you so far astray ;

“ Judging it better some lives to spare—
Which fancy takes me now and then—
And settle our quarrel hand to hand,
Than each with our ten thousand men.

“ God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,
To Border foray sound and haill !
But never strike a tinkler again,
If he be a Johnstone of Annandale.”



MARIA GRAY.

WHO says that Maria Gray is dead,
And that I in this world can see her never ?
Who says she is laid in her cold death-bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for ever ?
Ah ! they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's giver ;
For every night she is by my side
By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.

Maria was bonnie when she was here,
When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling ;
Her smile was sweet and her mind was clear,
And her form all human forms excelling.
But oh ! if they saw Maria now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravished mortal eyes unveiling !

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers—
It is all of beauty and of sweetness—
So my dear maid, in the heavenly bowers,
Excels in beauty and in meetness.
She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kemb'd my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow,
And promised her God to take me there,
Before the leaf falls from the willow.

Farewell, ye homes of living men !
I have no relish for your pleasures—
In the human face I nothing ken
That with my spirit's yearning measures :
I long for onward bliss to be,
A day of joy, a brighter morrow ;
And from this bondage to be free,
Farewell, thou world of sin and sorrow !

Oh, great was the wonder, and great was the dread,
 Of the friends of the living, and friends of the dead ;
 For every evening and morning were seen
 Two maidens, where only one should have been !
 Still hand in hand they moved, and sung
 Their hymns, on the walks they trode when young ;
 And one night, some of the watcher train
 Were said to have heard this holy strain
 Wafted upon the trembling air :
 It was sung by one, although two were there :—

HYMN OVER A DYING VIRGIN.

“ O thou whom once thy redeeming love
 Brought’st down to earth from the throne above,
 Stretch forth thy cup of salvation free
 To a thirsty soul, that longs for thee !
 O thou who left’st the realms of day,
 Whose blessed head in a manger lay,
 See her here prostrate before thy throne,
 Who trusts in thee, and in thee alone !

“ O thou, who once, as thy earthly rest,
 Wert cradled on a virgin’s breast,
 For the sake of one who held thee dear,
 Extend thy love to this virgin here !
 Thou Holy One, whose blood was spilt
 Upon the cross, for human guilt,
 This humbled virgin’s longings see,
 And take her soul in peace to thee ! ”

That very night the mysterious dame
 Not home to her father’s dwelling came,
 Though her maidens sat in chill dismay,
 And watch’d and call’d, till the break of day.

But in the dawning, with fond regard,
They sought the bower where the song was heard,
And found her form stretch'd on the green,
The loveliest corpse that ever was seen.
She lay as in balmy sleep repos'd,
While her lips and eyes were sweetly closed,
As if about to awake and speak ;
For a dimpling smile was on her cheek,
And the pale rose there had a gentle glow,
Like the morning's tint on a wreath of snow.

All was so seemly and serene
As she lay composed upon the green,
It was plain to all that no human aid,
But an angel's hand, had the body laid ;
For from her form there seem'd to rise
The sweetest odours of paradise.
Around her temples and brow so fair
White roses are twined in her auburn hair,
All bound with a birch and holly band,
And the book of God was in her right hand.

Farewell, ye flowerets of sainted fame,
Ye sweetest maidens of mortal frame ;
A sacred love o'er your lives presided,
And in your deaths you were not divided !
Oh, blessed are they who bid adieu
To this erring nature as pure as you !





SONGS.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now,
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the raptured kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while,
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now,
To clasp to my bosom at even,
O'er her calm sleep to breath the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven.
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met my eye,
Where are they now, where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens, there's naebody kens
An' oh may they never prove,

That sharpest degree of agony,
 For the child o' their earthly love—
 To see a flower in its vernal hour
 By slow degrees decay,
 Then calmly aneath the hand o' death
 Breathe its sweet soul away !

O dinna break, my poor auld heart,
 Nor at thy loss repine,
 For the unseen hand that threw the dart
 Was sent frae her Fatner and thine ;
 Yet I maun mourn, an' I *will* mourn,
 Even till my latest day,
 For though my darling can never return
 I can follow the sooner away.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

THE moon was a-waning,
 The tempest was over,
 Fair was the maiden,
 And fond was the lover ;
 But the snow was so deep,
 That his heart it grew weary,
 And he sunk down to sleep
 In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
 She had made for her lover ;
 White were the sheets,
 And embroidered the cover,

But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you !
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window :
But long you may wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies.
With a wreath on his bosom.

How painful the task,
The sad tidings to tell you !—
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you.
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead tapers hover,
So cold, cold, and wan,
Lies the corse of your lover.

LOOSE THE YETT.

LOOSE the yett, an' let me in,
Lady wi' the glistening e'e,
Dinna let your menial train
Drive an auld man out to dee.
Cauldrife is the winter even,
See the rime hangs at my chin ;
Lady, for the sake of heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in !

Ye shall gain a virgin hue,
 Lady, for your courtesye,
 Ever beaming, ever new,
 Aye to bloom an' ne'er to dee.
 Lady, there's a lovely plain
 Lies beyond yon setting sun,
 There we soon may meet again—
 Short the race we hae to run.

'Tis a land of love an' light,
 Rank or title is not there ;
 High an' low maun there unite,
 Poor man, prince, an' lady fair.
 There, what thou on earth hast given,
 Doubly shall be paid again :
 Lady, for the sake of heaven
 Loose the yett, an' let me in !

Blessings rest upon thy head,
 Lady of this lordly ha' !
 That bright tear that thou didst shed
 Fell na down amang the snaw !
 It is gane to heaven aboon,
 To the fount of charity ;
 When thy days on earth are done,
 That blest drop shall plead for thee.

BY A BUSH.

By a bush on yonder brae,
 Where the airy Benger rises,
 Sandy tun'd his artless lay ;
 Thus he sung the lea-lang day,

“Thou shalt ever be my theme,
Yarrow, winding down the hollow,
With thy bonny sister stream,
Sweeping through the broom so yellow.
On these banks thy waters lave,
Oft the warrior found a grave.

“Oft on thee the silent wain
Saw the Douglas’ banners streaming ;
Oft on thee the hunter train,
Sought the shelter’d deer in vain ;
Oft, in thy green dells and bowers,
Swains have seen the fairies riding ;
Oft the snell and sleety showers,
Found in thee the warrior hiding.
Many a wild and bloody scene
On thy bonny banks have been.

• • • • •
“Wind, my Yarrow, down the howe,
Forming bows o’ dazzling siller,
Meet thy titty yont the knowe :
Wi’ my love I’ll join like you.
Flow, my Ettrick, it was thee
Into life wha first did drap me :
Thee I’ve sung, an’ when I dee
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me :
Passing swains shall say, and weep,
Here our Shepherd lies asleep.”

THE BONNIE LASS OF DELORAINE.

STILL must my pipe lie idle by,
 And worldly cares my mind annoy?
 Again its softest notes I'll try,
 So dear a theme can never cloy.
 Last time my mountain harp I strung,
 'Twas she inspired the simple strain—
 That lovely flower so sweet and young,
 The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
 Around her ruddy lips that blow :
 The flower that in her bosom dies,
 Or grass that bends beneath her toe.
 Her cheek's endowed with power at will
 The rose's richest shade to drain ;
 Her eyes, what soft enchantments fill !
 The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

Let Athol boast her birchen bowers,
 And Lomond of her isles so green :
 And Windermere her woodland shores :
 Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene :
 For there the evening twilight swells,
 With many a wild and melting strain ;
 And there the pride of beauty dwells,
 The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

If Heaven shall keep her aye as good
 And bonnie as she wont to be,
 The world may into Ettrick crowd,
 And nature's first perfection see.

Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
And Staffa in the western main ;
These natural wonders ne'er can vie
Wi' the bonnie lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,—
And round her brow may honour twine ;
And Heaven preserve that breast in peace,
Where meekness, love, and duty join !
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
And all her griefs shall give me pain ;
For never from my soul shall part
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

O, JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR.

OH, my lassie, our joy to complete again,
Meet me again i' the gloaming, my dearie ;
Low down in the dell let us meet again—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !
Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eiry,
Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks weary ;
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan-tree,
Wild roses speck our thicket sae briery ;
Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
 List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,
 Then come with fairy hast'e,
 Light foot, an' beating breast—
 Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be,
 Beauty an' truth they daurna come near it ;
 Kind love is the tie of our unity,
 A' maun love it, an' a maun revere it.
 'Tis love makes the song o' the woodland sae cheery,
 Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near ye ;
 That makes the rose sae sweet,
 Cowslip and violet—
 Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken :
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
 Nor canopy of state,

'Tis not on couch of velvet,
 Nor arbour of the great—
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
 In the glen without the name,
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
 For the mate he lo'es to see,
 And on the topmost bough,
 Oh, a happy bird is he ;
 Where he pours his melting ditty,
 And love is a' the theme,
 And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the bleewart bears a pearl,
 And the daisy turns a pea,
 And the bonnie lucken gowan
 Has fauldit up her e'e,
 Then the laverock frae the blue list
 Drops down, an' thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonnie lassie
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
 That lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld,
 An' his lambs are lying still ;
 Yet he downa gang to bed,
 For his heart is in a flame

To meet his bonnie lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, etc

When the little wee bit heart
 Rises high in the breast,
 An' the little wee bit starn
 Rises red in the east,
 Oh there's a joy sae dear,
 That the heart can hardly frame,
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame !
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

Then since all nature joins
 In this love without alloy,
 Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
 To Nature's dearest joy?
 Or wha wad choose a crown,
 Wi' its perils and its fame,
 And *miss* his bonnie lassie
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame !

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the grey trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and o'er the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest ;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

THE BROOM SAE GREEN.

LANG I sat by the broom sae green,
An' oh, my heart was eerie,
For aye this strain was breathed within,
Your laddie will no come near ye !
Lie still, thou wee bit fluttering thing,
What means this weary wavering ?

Nae heart returns thy raptured spring,
Your laddie will no come near ye !

His leifu' sang the robin sung
On the bough that hung sae near me ;
Wi' tender grief my heart was wrung,
For oh, the strain was dreary !
The robin's sang it couldna be
That gart the tear-drap blind my e'e ;
How ken'd the wee bird on the tree
That my laddie wad no come near me ?

The new-wean'd lamb on yonder lea
It bleats out through the braken,
The herried bird upon the tree
Mourns o'er its nest forsaken ;
If they are wae, how weel may I ?
Nae grief like mine aneath the sky ;
The lad I lo'e he cares nae by,
Though my fond heart is breaking !

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
. Loves gives it energy, love gave it birth.

Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

CAM' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
 Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry ;
 Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
 Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?
 Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee ?
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly :
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
 King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie ?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald ;
 But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry.
 Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
 Follow thee ! follow thee ! etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
 Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie ;
 Brave M'Intosh he shall fly to the field with them ;
 These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie !

Follow thee ! follow thee ! etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore !
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely !
 Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad claymore,
 Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie !

Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee ?
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly :
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
 King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie ?

FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL.

FAR over yon hills of the heather sae green,
 An' down by the correi that sings to the sea,
 The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
 She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung
 Away, on the wave, like a bird of the main,
 An' aye as it lessen'd, she sighed an' she sung,
 Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
 Farewell to my hero, the gallant an' young,
 Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again.

The muircock that crows on the brows of Ben-Connal,
 He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
 Unawed and unhunted, his eyry can claim ;

The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
 But ah ! there is one whose sad fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame, in this country has he—
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more—
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me !

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue :
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?
 Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good ;
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow !

M'LEAN'S WELCOME.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie,
 Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
 And dine with M'Lean ;
 And though you be weary,
 We'll make your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie,
 And his loyal train.
 We'll bring down the track deer,
 We'll bring down the black steer,

The lamb from the bracken,
And doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry,
And bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy,
And curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
And you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
When kings do not ken.
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
And his friend the M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highland-
men,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores,
Three hundred and ten!

THE STUARTS OF APPIN.

I SING of a land that was famous of yore,
 The land of green Appin, the ward of the flood,
 Where every grey cairn that broods o'er the shore,
 Marks grave of the royal, the valiant, or good :
 The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed—
 The land of fair Selma, and reign of Fingal—
 And late of a race, that with tears must be named,
 The noble Clan Stuart, the bravest of all.
 Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin !
 The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin !
 Their glory is o'er,
 For the clan is no more,
 And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
 And all the proud files of Glenorchy and Lorn,
 While one of the Stuarts held claim on the crown,
 His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.
 And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or trepan,
 In all their Whig efforts their power to renew,
 But still on the Stuarts of Appin they ran,
 To wreak their proud wrath on the brave and the few.
 Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of blood
 The fields of the Campbells were gallantly flowing,
 It was then that the Stuarts the foremost still stood,
 And paid back a share of the debt they were owing.
 O proud Inverlochy ! O day of renown !
 Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of Cruachin,
 Was ne'er such an host by such valour o'erthrown,
 Was ne'er such a day for the Stuarts of Appin !
 Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

And ne'er for the crown of the Stuarts was fought
 One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,
 But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
 And dearest of all on the field of Culloden !
 Lament, O Glen-Creren, Glen-Duror, Ardshiel,
 High offspring of heroes, who conquer'd were never ;
 For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall reveal,
 And the bold clan of Stuart must perish for ever !
 Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

Clan-Chattan is broken, the Seaforth bends low,
 The sun of Clan-Ranald is sinking in labour ;
 Glencoe and Clan-Donnachie, where are they now ?
 And where is bold Keppoch, the lord of Lochaber ?
 All gone with the house they supported !—laid low,
 While dogs of the south their bold life-blood were
 lapping,
 Trod down by a proud and a merciless foe—
 The brave are all gone with the Stuarts of Appin !
 Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin, etc.

They are gone, they are gone, the redoubted, the brave !
 The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are sighing ;
 Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave
 Where the unconquered foes of the Campbell are
 lying.
 But long as the grey hairs wave over this brow,
 And earthly emotions my spirit are wrapping,
 My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
 And bleed for the fall of the Stuarts of Appin !
 Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin !
 The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin !
 Their glory is o'er,
 For their star is no more,
 And the green grass waves over the heroes of Appin !

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

FAREWELL to Glen-Shallock,
A farewell for ever ;
Farewell to my wee cot
That stands by the river !
The fall is loud sounding
In voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding
Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a child at her knee,
And a child at her bosom :
I heard her sweet voice
'Mid the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

“ Sleep sound, my sweet babe !
There is nought to alarm thee ;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee.
I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden.

“ The brave were betray'd,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.

Thy mother no voice has,
 No feeling that changes,
 No word, sign, or song,
 But the lesson of vengeance !

“ I’ll tell thee, my son,
 How our laurels are withering ;
 I’ll bind on thy sword
 When the clansmen are gathering ;
 I’ll bid thee go forth
 In the cause of true honour,
 And never return
 Till thy country hath won her !

“ Our tower of devotion
 Is the house of the reaver ;
 The pride of the ocean
 Is fallen for ever ;
 The pride of the forest,
 That time could not weaken,
 Is trod in the dust,
 And its honours are shaken.

“ Rise, spirits of yore,
 Ever dauntless in danger !
 For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.
 Oh come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary,
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye ! ”



M'KIMMAN.

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Kimman ?

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever ?

Shall the pibroch that welcomed the foe to Ben-Aer
Be hushed when we seek the red wolf in his lair,

To give back our wrongs to the giver ?

To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone—
Like the course of the fire-slaught their clansmen
pass'd on ;

With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have
bound them,

And have taken the field with their vassals around them.

Then raise the wild slogan-cry, On to the foray !

Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen ;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again.

Youth of the daring heart, bright be thy doom

As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now ;
But the fate of M'Kimman is closing in gloom,

And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd o'er
his brow.

Victorious in joy thou'l return to Ben-Aer,
And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best beloved there ;
But M'Kimman, M'Kimman, M'Kimman shall never—
O never—never—never—never !

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can shun not,
M'Kimman ?

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can shun not ?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know
That the soul of M'Kimman ne'er quail'd when a foe
Bared his blade in a land he had won not.

Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze
behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to the
wind—
There our broad pennon flies, and our keen steeds are
prancing
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the bright weapons
glancing !

Then raise the wild slogan-cry, On to the foray !
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen ;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again !

DONALD M'DONALD.

MY name it is Donald M'Donald,
I live in the Hielands sae grand ;
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava ;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a' ;
An' is nae her very weel aff,
Wi' her brogues an' brochen an' a' ?

What though we befriendit young Charlie ?
To tell it I dinna think shame ;
Poor lad ! he came to us but barely,
An' reckoned our mountains his hame.

'Twas true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day ;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away,
Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword and a' ;
Now for George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a' !

An' oh, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain ;
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishing blow,
He aye may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row ;
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a' ;
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbows an' a' !

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane ;
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane ;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
An' sing him—"Lochaber no more!"
Stanes an' bullets an' a' ;
Bullets an' stanes an' a' ;
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a' !

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
 An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane ;
 The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
 An' sae is M'Leod and M'Kay ;
 An' I, their gude brither, M'Donald,
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray !
 Brogues an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogues an' a' ;
 An' up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
 The kilt an' the feather an' a' !

MOGGY AND ME.

OH wha are sae happy as me an' my Moggy ?
 Oh wha are sae happy as Moggy an' me ?
 We're baith turnin' auld, an' our walth is soon tauld,
 But contentment bides aye in our cottage sae wee.
 She toils a' the day when I'm out wi' the hirsel,
 An' chants to the bairns while I sing on the brae ;
 An' aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my toil,
 When down the glen I come weary an' wae.

Aboon our auld heads we've a nice little biggin,
 That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa ;
 We've twa wabs o' linen o' Moggy's ain spinnin',
 As thick as silk velvet and white as the snaw ;
 We've kye in the byre, an' yauds in the stable,
 A grumpie sae fat that she hardly can stand ;
 An' something, I guess, in yon auld painted press
 To cheer up the speerits an' steady the hand.

'Tis true we hae had mony sorrows an' crosses,
 Our pouches oft toom, an' our hearts fu' o' care ;
 But wi' a' our crosses, our sorrows an' losses,
 Contentment, thank heaven ! has aye been our share.
 I've an auld roostit sword that was left by my father,
 Whilk aye has been drawn when my king had a fae ;
 We hae friends ane or twa that aft gie us a ca',
 To laugh when we're happy or grieve when we're
 wae.

Our duke may hae gowd mair than schoolmen can
 reckon,
 An' flunkies to watch ilk a glance o' his e'e,
 His lady aye braw sittin' prim in the ha' ;
 But are they sae happy as Moggy an' me ?
 A' ye wha ne'er fand the straight road to be happy,
 Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye dree,
 Come down to the dwellin' o' whilk I've been tellin',
 You'll learn it by looking at Moggy an' me.

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

" Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale ;
 Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on ;
 The Armstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
 The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone !

" Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather-gleam
 See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yeomen and carbineer,
 Billman and halberdier,
 Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

“ Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar ;
 Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey ;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere ;
 Lock the door, Lariston ; hold them at bay.

“ Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston ?
 Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye ?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger ;
 Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.”

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
 His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace ;
 “ Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
 On earth there are no men
 More gallant to meet in the foray or chase !

“ Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here ;
 Little know you of our moss-troopers' might—
 Linhope and Sorbie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too,
 Gentle in manner, but lions in fight !

“ I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
 Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;
 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
 Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray ! ”

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green
 Liddesdale,
 Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold
 Many a bold martial eye
 Mirror'd that morning sky,
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior's shout,
 Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;
 Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
 Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the Windermere !
 Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !
 Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots' shouts ascend—
 “Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye !”

POOR LITTLE JESSIE.

OH, what gart me greet when I parted wi' Willie,
 While at his guid fortune ilk ane was so fain ?
 The neighbours upbraudit an' said it was silly,
 When I was sae soon to see Willie again.
 He gae me his hand as we gaed to the river,
 For oh, he was aye a kind brother to me ;
 Right sair was my heart from my Willie to sever,
 And saut was the dew-drop that smartit my e'e.

It wasna the kiss that he gae me at parting,
 Nor yet the kind squeeze that he gae to my hand ;
 It wasna the tear frae his blue eye was starting,
 As slow they war shoving the boat frae the land :
 The tear that I saw owre his bonnie cheek straying,
 It pleased me indeed, but it doubled my pain ;
 For something within me was constantly saying,
 “ Ah, Jessie, ye'll never see Willie again ! ”

The bairn's unco wae to be taen frae its mother,
 The wee bird is wae when bereaved o' its young,
 But oh, to be rest of a dear only brother—
 That feeling can neither be paintit nor sung.
 I dreamed a' the night that my Willie was wi' me,
 Sae kind to his Jessie, at meeting sae fain,
 An' just at the dawning a friend came to see me,
 An' taul me I never wad see him again.

I ha'e naebody now to look kind an' caress me ;
 I look for a friend, but nae friend can I see ;
 I dinna ken what's to become o' poor Jessie,
 The warl has little mair pleasure for me.
 It's lang sin' I lost baith my father and mother,
 I'm simple, an' poor, an' forlorn on the way ;
 I had ane that I likit, an only dear brother,
 My Willie—but he's lying cauld i' the clay.

THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON.

CAN I bear to part wi' thee,
 Never mair your face to see ?
 Can I bear to part wi' thee,
 Drunken Laird o' Lamington ?
 Canty war ye o'er your kale,
 Toddy jugs an' caups o' ale,
 Heart aye kind, an' leal, an' hale,
 Honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just ;
 He that prays is ne'er to trust ;

He that drinks to drauck his dust,
 Wha can say that wrang is done?
 Wha was't ne'er to fraud inclin'd?
 Never pray'd sin' he can mind?
 Ane wha's drouth there's few can find?
 The honest Laird o' Lamington.

I like a man to tak' his glass,
 Toast a friend or bonnie lass;
 He that winna is an ass—
 Deil send him ane to gallop on!
 I like a man that's frank an' kind,
 Meets me when I have a mind,
 Sings his sang, an' drinks me blind,
 Like the Laird o' Lamington.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?
 Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?
 There's no a heart in a' the glen
 That disna dread the day:
 Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
 A waefu' wight is he;
 Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
 An' laid him down to dee;

An' Sandy's gane into the kirk,
 An' learnin' fast to pray ;
 And oh, what will the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
 Has drunk her health in wine ;
 The priest has said—in confidence—
 The lassie was divine,
 And that is mair in maiden's praise
 Than ony priest should say :
 But oh, what will the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?

The wailing in our green glen
 That day will quaver high ;
 'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
 The laverock frae the sky ;
 The fairies frae their beds o' dew
 Will rise an' join the lay :
 An' hey ! what a day will be
 When Maggy gangs away !

THERE'S GOWD IN THE BREAST.

THERE'S gowd in the breast of the primrose pale,
 An' siller in every blossom ;
 There's riches galore in the breeze of the vale,
 And health in the wild wood's bosom.
 Then come, my love, at the hour of joy,
 When warbling birds sing o'er us ;
 Sweet nature for us has no alloy,
 And the world is all before us.

The courtier joys in bustle and power,
 The soldier in war-steeds bounding,
 The miser in hoards of treasured ore,
 The proud in their pomp surrounding :
 But we hae yon heaven sae bonnie and blue,
 And laverocks skimming o'er us ;
 The breezes of health and the valleys of dew—
 Oh, the world is all before us !

CAMERON'S WELCOME HAME.

OH strike your harp, my Mary,
 Its loudest, liveliest key,
 An' join the sounding correi
 In its wild melody ;
 For burn, an' breeze, an' billow,
 Their sangs are a' the same,
 And every waving willow
 Soughs "Cameron's welcome hame."

Oh list yon thrush, my Mary,
 That warbles on the pine,
 His strain, sae light an' airy,
 Accords in joy wi' thine ;
 The lark that soars to heaven,
 The sea-bird on the faem,
 Are singing, frae morn till even,
 Brave "Cameron's welcome hame."

D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
 When we hid in the tree,
 An' saw our Auchnacarry
 All flaming fearfully ?

The fire was red, red glaring,
 An' ruefu' was the scene,
 An' aye you cried, despairing,
 My father's ha's are gane !

I said, my ain dear Mary,
 D'ye see yon cloud sae dun,
 That sails aboon the carry,
 An' hides the weary sun ?
 Behind yon curtain dreary,
 Beyond, and far within,
 There's Ane, my dear wee Mary,
 Wha views this deadly sin.

He sees this waefu' reaving,
 The rage o' dastard knave,
 He saw our deeds of bravery,
 And he'll reward the brave.
 Though all we had was given
 For loyalty an' faith,
 I still had hopes that Heaven
 Would right the hero's skaith.

The day is dawn'd in heaven
 For which we a' thought lang ;
 The good, the just, is given
 To right our nation's wrang.
 My ain dear Auchnacarry,
 I hae thought lang for thee ;
 Oh sing to your harp, my Mary,
 An' sound its bonniest key !

SING ON, SING ON, MY BONNIE BIRD.

SING on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen, O,
When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,
I met my bonnie Jean, O !
My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,
My hair begoud to steer, O ;
My heart played deep against my breast,
When I beheld my dear, O !

O weel's me on my happy lot,
O weel's me o' my dearie,
O weel's me o' the charming spot
Where a' combined to cheer me !
The mavis liltit on the bush,
The laverock o'er the green, O,
The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,
But a' war nought to Jean, O !

Sing on, sing on, my bonnie thrush,
Be neither fley'd nor eerie ;
I'll wad your love sits on the bush,
That gars ye sing sae cheerie.
She may be kind, she may be sweet,
She may be neat an' clean, O,
But oh, she's but a drysome mate
Compared wi' bonnie Jean, O !

If love wad open a' her stores,
An' a' her blooming treasures,
An' bid me rise, an' turn, an' choose,
An' taste her chiefest pleasures,

My choice wad be the rosy cheek,
 The modest beaming eye, O,
 The auburn hair, the bosom fair,
 The lips o' coral dye, O !

Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon,
 Ye sternies, twinklin' high, O,
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,
 That roam athwart the sky, O !
 Ye see me gratefu' for the past,
 Ye saw me blest yestreen, O,
 An' ever till I breathe my last,
 Ye'll see me true to Jean, O !

LOVE LETTER.

Ah, Maggy, thou art gane away,
 And left me here to languish ;
 To dander on frae day to day,
 Swathed in a sort o' anguish.
 My mind's the aspen o' the vale,
 In ceaseless waving motion ;
 'Tis like a ship without a sail,
 On life's unstable ocean.

I downa bide to see the moon
 Blink o'er the hill sac dearly,
 Late on a bonnie face she shone,
 A face that I lo'e dearly.
 An' when down by the water clear
 At e'en I'm lonely roaming,
 I sigh an' think if ane were here
 How sweet wad fa' the gloaming !

Ah, Maggy, thou art gane away,
An' I nae mair shall see thee ;
Now a' the lee-lang simmer day
An' a' the night I weary ;
For thou wert aye sae sweet, sae gay,
Sae teasing an' sae canty,
I dinna blush to swear an' say,
In faith I canna want thee !

Oh, in the slippery paths o' love
Let prudence aye direct thee ;
Let virtue every step approve,
And virtue will respect thee.
To ilka pleasure, ilka pang,
Alack ! I am nae stranger,
An' he wha aince has wander'd wrang,
Is best aware of danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,
A' ither maids excelling,
An' heaven shall shed its purest dew
Around thy rural dwelling.
May flow'rets spring, an' wild birds sing
Around thee late and early,
An' oft to thy remembrance bring
The lad that loves thee dearly !

THE WITCH O' FIFE.

HURRAY, hurray, the jade's away,
Like a rocket of air with her bandalet !
I'm up in the air on my bonnie grey mare,
But I see her yet, I see her yet.

I'll ring the skirts o' the gowden wain
 Wi' curb an' bit, wi' curb an' bit :
 An' catch the Bear by the frozen mane—
 An' I see her yet, I see her yet.

Away, away, o'er mountain an' main,
 To sing at the morning's rosy yett ;
 An' water my mare at its fountain clear—
 But I see her yet, I see her yet.
 Away, thou bonnie witch o' Fife,
 On foam of the air to heave an' flit,
 An' little reck thou of a poet's life,
 For he sees thee yet, he sees thee yet !

I'M A' GANE WRANG.

I'M a' gane wrang ! I'm a' gane wrang !
 I canna close my wakerife e'e ;
 What can it be has sent this pang
 To my young heart unken'd to me ?
 I'm feared, I'm feared that it may prove
 An ailment which I daurna name ;
 What shall I do ?—If it be love,
 I'll dee outright wi' burning shame !

I hae a dream baith night and day,
 Of ane that's aye afore my e'e ;
 An' aye he looks as he wad say
 Something that's unco kind to me.
 Yet love's a word my youthfu' tongue
 Has ne'er durst utter to mysel ;
 I'm a' gane wrang, an' me sae young,
 What shame for maiden's tongue to tell !

I find an aching at my heart,
 An' dizziness that ill portends ;
 A kind o' sweet an' thrilling smart
 Gangs prinkling to my fingers' ends,
 Then through me wi' a stoundin' pain ;
 But yet I like that pain to dree ;
 Then burnin' tears will drap like rain—
 'Tis love, as sure as love can be !

I dinna ken what I'm to do,
 The end o' this I canna see ;
 I am sae young an' bonnie too,
 'Tis a great pity I should dee.
 Yet dee I maun—I canna prove
 This tide o' pleasure an' o' pain ;
 There's nought sae sweet as virgin's love,
 But, oh, to be beloved again !

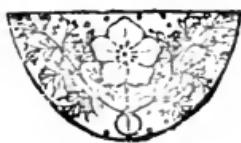
GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY.

THE year is wearing to the wane,
 An' day is fading west awa' ;
 Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
 And dark the cloud comes down the shaw ;
 But let the tempest tout an' blaw
 Upon his loudest winter horn,
 Good night, an' joy be wi' you a' ;
 We'll maybe meet again the morn !

Oh, we have wander'd far an' wide
 O'er Scotia's hills, o'er firth an' fell,
 An' mony a simple flower we've culled,
 An' trimm'd them wi' the heather-bell !

We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha' ;
Now let us take a kind farewell—
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a' !

Though I was wayward, you were kind,
And sorrow'd when I went astray ;
For oh, my strains were often wild
As winds upon a winter day.
If e'er I led you from the way,
Forgie your Minstrel aince for a' ;
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay—
Good-night, an' joy be wi' you a' !





SACRED PIECES.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

O FATHER Almighty, O Father of light,
I kneel and I tremble before thee,
For darkness surrounds the throne of thy might,
And with terror I fear and adore thee.
I have seen, I have heard, what I not comprehend.
Which has caused my poor reason to waver,
The bodies and spirits of martyr'd men,
Who shrank from thy standard, O never,
 O never,—O never !
But bled for their God and forgiver.

But where can I turn my bewildered eye,
Or where can I fly, but to thee,
Since all the long vales of eternity lie
 Concealed in deep darkness from me ?
Then here at thy footstool of mercy I bow,
 Imploring thy grace to deliver ;
For shadows of darkness beleaguer me now,
 And I fly to my God and forgiver,
 For ever !—O ever !
I'll cling to my Saviour for ever.

DWELLER IN HEAVEN.

DWELLER in heaven high, ruler below,
Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know !
How can a mortal deem, how may it be,
That being can ne'er be but present with thee ?
Is it true that thou sawest me ere I saw the morn ?
Is it true that thou knewest me before I was born ?
That nature must live in the light of thine eye ?—
This knowledge for me is too great and too high !

That, fly I to noon-day, or fly I to night,
To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,
The light and the darkness to thee are the same,
And still in thy presence of wonder I am ?
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,
Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air :
In the desert afar—on the mountain's wild brink—
From the eye of Omnipotence still must I shrink !

Or mount I, on wings of the morning, away
To caves of the ocean, unseen by the day,
And hide in these uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in thee :
Nay, scale I the cloud, in the heavens to dwell,
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still thou art present, and all are the same !

Yes, present for ever ! Almighty ! Alone !
Great Spirit of nature, unbounded, unknown.
What mind can embody thy presence divine !
I know not my own being, how can I thine ?

Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend :
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in thee !

ON CARMEL'S BROW.

ON Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
Had all it honours shed ;
And, o'er the vales of Palestine,
A sickly paleness spread ;
When the old seer, by vision led
And energy sublime,
Into that shadowy region sped,
To muse on distant time.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
But sight of joy was none ;
He looked o'er many a mountain's side,
But silence reigned alone ;
Save that a boding voice sung on
By wave and waterfall,
As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
Deep unto deep did call.

On Kison's strand, and Ephratah,
The hamlets thick did lie ;
No wayfarer between he saw,
No Asherite passed by :
No maiden at her task did ply,
Nor sportive child was seen ;
The lonely dog barked wearily
Where dwellers once had been.

Oh ! beauteous were the palaces
 On Jordan wont to be ;
 And still they glimmered to the breeze,
 Like stars beneath the sea—
 But vultures held their jubilee
 Where harp and cymbal rung ;
 And there, as if in mockery,
 The baleful satyr sung.

But, oh ! that prophet's visioned eye,
 On Carmel that reclined,
 It looked not on the times gone by,
 But those that were behind ;
 His grey hair streamed upon the wind—
 His hands were raised on high—
 As, mirrored on his mystic mind,
 Arose futurity.

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread,
 Prepared in ancient day ;
 Eastward, away the eagle sped,
 And all the birds of prey.
 “Who's this,” he cried, “comes by the way
 Of Edom, all divine,
 Travelling in splendour, whose array
 Is red, but not with wine ?

“Blest be the herald of our King,
 That comes to set us free !
 The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
 And utter praise to thee !
 Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
 Their glories glow again,
 And blossoms spring on field and tree,
 That ever shall remain.

“ The happy child, in dragon’s way,
Shall frolic with delight ;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite.
The dove on Zion’s hill shall light,
That all the world must see ;
Hail to the Journeyer in his might,
That comes to set us free ! ”

HYMN.

O THOU, who dwell’st in the heavens high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night !

Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of One at thy right hand,
O think of them that cost him dear,
Still chained in doubt, and in darkness here !

Our night is dreary, and dim our day,
But if thou turnest thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
And have none to look to, and none to trust.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour and fear no God ;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay :
O turn not thou thy face away !

Thy aid, O mighty One, we crave !
Not shortened is thy arm to save,
Afar from thee we now sojourn ;
Return to us, O God, return.

THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

SING with me ! sing with me !
Weeping brethren, sing with me !
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises !
How my heart and spirit rises !
Bounding from the flesh I sever :
World of sin, adieu for ever !

Sing with me ! sing with me !
Friends in Jesus, sing with me !
All my sufferings, all my woe,
All my griefs I here forego.
Farewell terror, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing,
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
Earthly love and all its longings.

Sing with me ! sing with me !
Blessed spirits, sing with me !
To the Lamb our song shall be
Through a glad eternity.
Farewell earthly morn and even,
Sun and moon and stars of heaven ;
Heavenly portals ope before me,
Welcome, Christ, in all thy glory.

THE FALL OF IDUMEA.

OH, wail for Idumea, cast forth unforgiven,
My sword is bathed red in the vengeance of heaven,
And down on the mountains, unnerved and supine,
She shall fall as the dead leaves descend from the vine ;
Where heaps upon heaps shall their corpses remain ;
And the mountains shall melt with the blood of the
slain.

'Tis the day of the Lord ; prepare thee ! prepare thee !
And mark its approach that it may not ensnare thee ;
Look well to the plain, at its throes and its bending,
Lest it swallow you up in the gulf of its rending ;
Attend to the sea when to blood it is turning ;
Attend to the mountains when clothed in mourning ;
Observe the pale moon when her radiance is clouded,
And look to the sun when his glory is shrouded,
Then the blue heavens heaved hither and thither,
Then folded and rolled like a scroll up together ;
Then, then, is approaching, o'erwhelming and early,
The day of the Lord ; prepare thee ! prepare thee !

It is past, it is over ! the earth in amazement,
The people stand silent in dreadful debasement,
Before the dire wrath of the mighty Avenger
Of Israel, thus wreaked on the land of the stranger ;
Idumea is fallen ! no arm to deliver !
The contest of Zion is settled for ever.

The beauty of Edom no age shall restore it,
The curse of the Lord is in it and o'er it ;
The rivers and springs into pitch are turning,
The dust is brimstone, the breeze is burning,

The city is shaken unto its foundations,
The land is a waste unto all generations ;
Her halls are all emptiness—grandeur's illusion,
And stretched out upon them the line of confusion ;
In her palaces dark desolation is reigning,
And the briars and the nettle their foliage training.
The owl calls his count with a whoop and a knell ;
And there shall the bittern and cormorant dwell ;
The lama shall lie in her chamber of state,
And open her bosom, and cry for her mate ;
The ostrich shall stand on her battlements proudly ;
And the vultures assemble discordant and loudly ;
The satyrs shall dance with their howlings and yellings,
The spirits of darkness that haunt the low dwellings
Of mortals cut off in their greenness of sinning,
Ere grace had a spring or repentance beginning ;
The toad and the adder shall come from the forest,
And dragons pant o'er it when thirst's at the sorest.
The gloom of oblivion shall over it centre,
Till time shall withdraw and eternity enter,—
To all who despise their God and forgiver,
A beacon of terror for ever and ever.



GLOSSARY.

Blewart, blue wort, small blue flower.

Brewin, brewed.

Belefire, bonfire.

Couring grew, a coursing greyhound.

Darnit, penetrated.

Eithly, quickly, soon learned.

Fey, predestined, near death.

Forhooyed, forsook.

Freckle, hot-spirited.

Gaw, gall.

Howe-e'e, hollow eye.

Kythes, appears.

Kaim, comb.

Laup, leaped.

Leme, gleam.

Lened, gave, granted.

Littand, resting upon.

Ouphes, probably wolves, or water dogs.

Riming, growing white-haired.

Rath, soon.

Titty, sister, p. 247 ; the Ettrick, sister to the Yarrow.

Yir'di, earth.

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